

MARVEL

COMICS

AUGUST

NO.
46

MYSTERY

10¢



WITH THIS OFFER

FREE THIS AMAZING SPEEDRY BRUSH PEN KIT TO HELP YOU LEARN CARTOONING



This Speed Dry Brush pen with interchangeable point for straight lines and curves along with a bottle of instant dry ink, included FREE with this offer. Manufacturer's guaranteed value is \$1.50 for this brush pen outfit alone.

You'll be delighted and amazed with the astonishing contents of this announcement . . . you get so much for so little that everything included is almost a gift.

This limited free offer is made to encourage you who are sincere and anxious to learn cartooning. No matter if you never had any previous experience, you will find these instructions so interesting and so simplified, you it is almost like copying, so that you just learn quickly how to draw the funniest and cartooniest faces. You can master lettering for show cards by just making straight and curved lines through the shortcut dot and dash lettering instructions included.

Cartoonists and artists make big money drawing for newspapers, advertisers, magazines, etc. Perhaps you have talent! If you have talent the instructions you get here will help you toward mastering this art and the easy steps which you practice in spare time will help you to make finished cartoon posters and signs. These will make you feel proud and able to prove your talent not only to yourself but to your friends and to possible customers. Think of it, this system is so fast moving and simple that you actually draw faces with the first lesson. No grinding studies and if you act at once we include free with your order a complete patented speed dry brush pen outfit. Remember the SPEED-DRY BRUSH PEN OUTFIT alone is sold for \$1.50. So act at once and get yours FREE with your order.

DRAW FOR BIG PAY

ACTUALLY DRAW FUNNY FACES AND PROFESSIONAL-LIKE LETTERS IN ONE SIMPLE LESSON!

Think of it! You actually draw with your very first lesson. . . . Sounds impossible, but it's true because everything has been made so easy and simple. But practice makes perfect. Practice and it won't be long before you, providing you have ability, will be creating and drawing cartoony faces of your own and perhaps making money out of your newly developed talent.

Four Easy Steps By FRANK WEBB

You are indeed fortunate to have included with this course, fast-moving illustrated cartoon-instructions by the famous Frank Webb. Cartoonist Webb shows you how in four easy steps you can make the funniest faces imaginable. They are so easy to draw that you will be amazed. If you want a career as a cartoonist and artist don't miss this unusual opportunity. Let our instructions, equipment along with Frank Webb's great book "How to Make Faces" be your inspiration and perhaps the foundation of your very future.

SEE HOW EASY IT IS

STEP No. 1

STEP No. 2

STEP No. 3

STEP No. 4

JUST 4 EASY STEPS

Read All You Get

You get "How to Make Faces" by Frank Webb, professional drawing paper, sandpaper, pencil sharpening block, art gum eraser, assortment of American made crayons, ruler, Frank Webb cartoon pencil, flexible protractor to help you easily make any designs, 6 inch 30 degree flexible triangle, special instructions and dot and dash lettering system AND if you order at once you get Speed-Dry Brush pen outfit free.

ACT NOW! Rush Coupon . . . you must be 100% delighted or money back.

SEND NO MONEY

Only 2 To A Customer

Be one of the lucky ones to get in on this amazing offer. Act at once! Just sign your name and address in coupon at right and rush it to us. You will receive everything by return mail. Pay postman \$2.98 plus postage on arrival. If not delighted after 5 days return for full refund.

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ALL THIS INCLUDED



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535 Fifth Ave., Suite 2506, New York, N. Y.

I accept your special offer. Send your show card lettering and cartoon instructions with all equipment by return mail. Also include the free Speed-Dry Brush pen outfit. I will deposit \$2.98, plus postage with postman. If I am not satisfied I will return within five days for full refund. (Send \$2.98 now and save postage, same guarantee.)

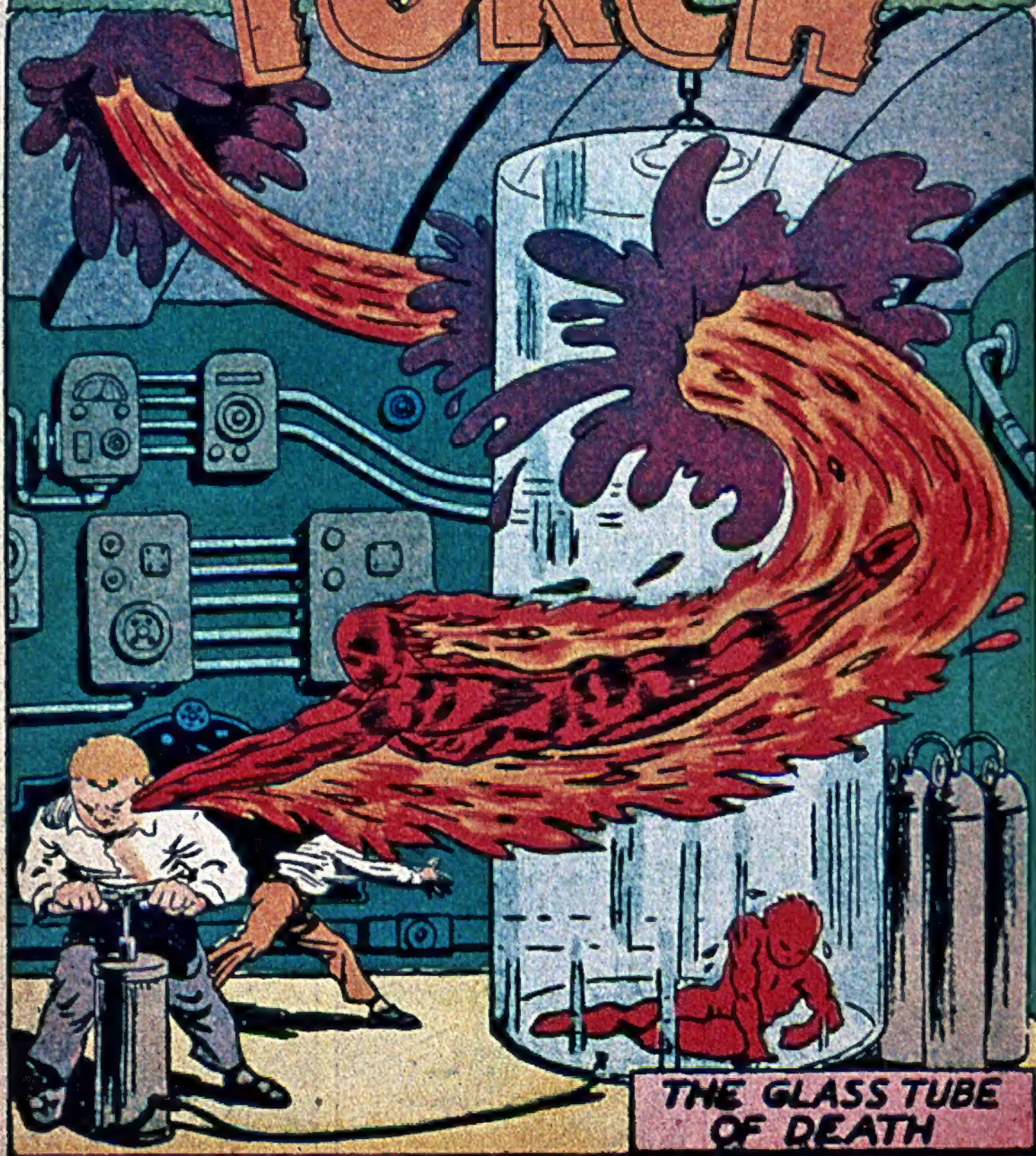
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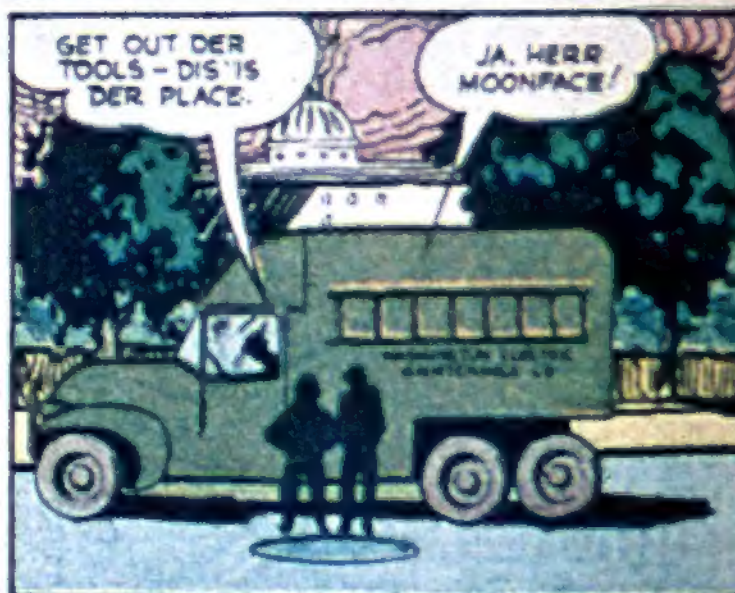
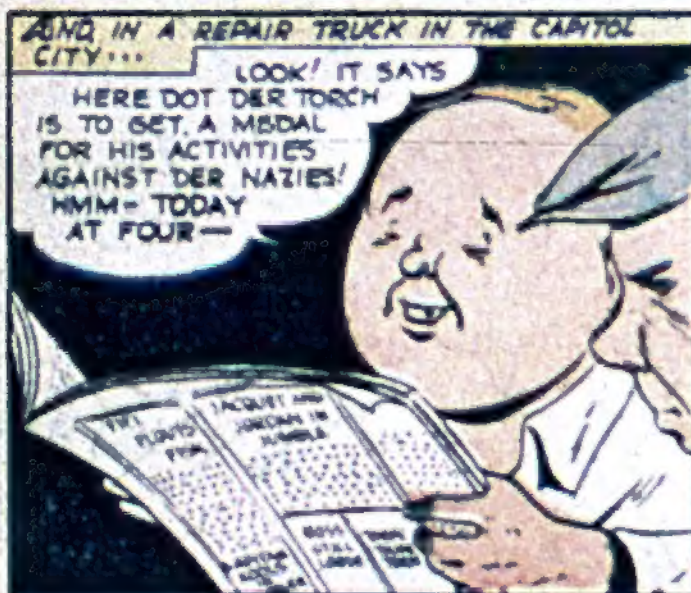
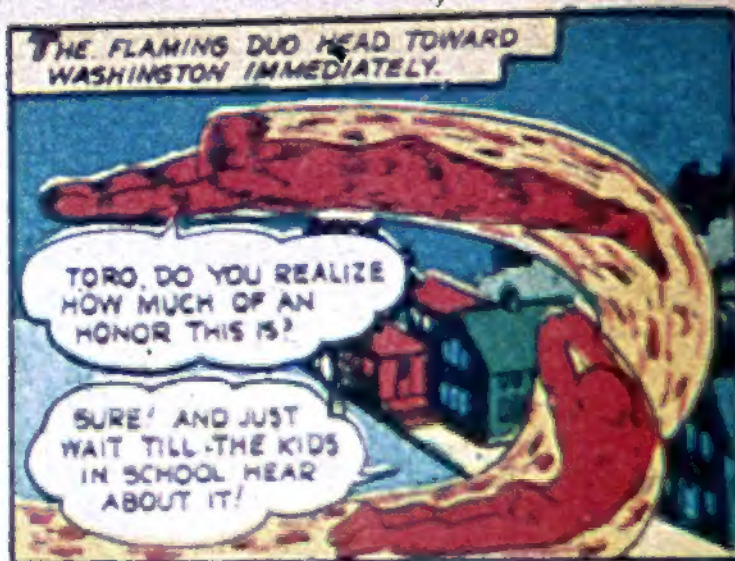
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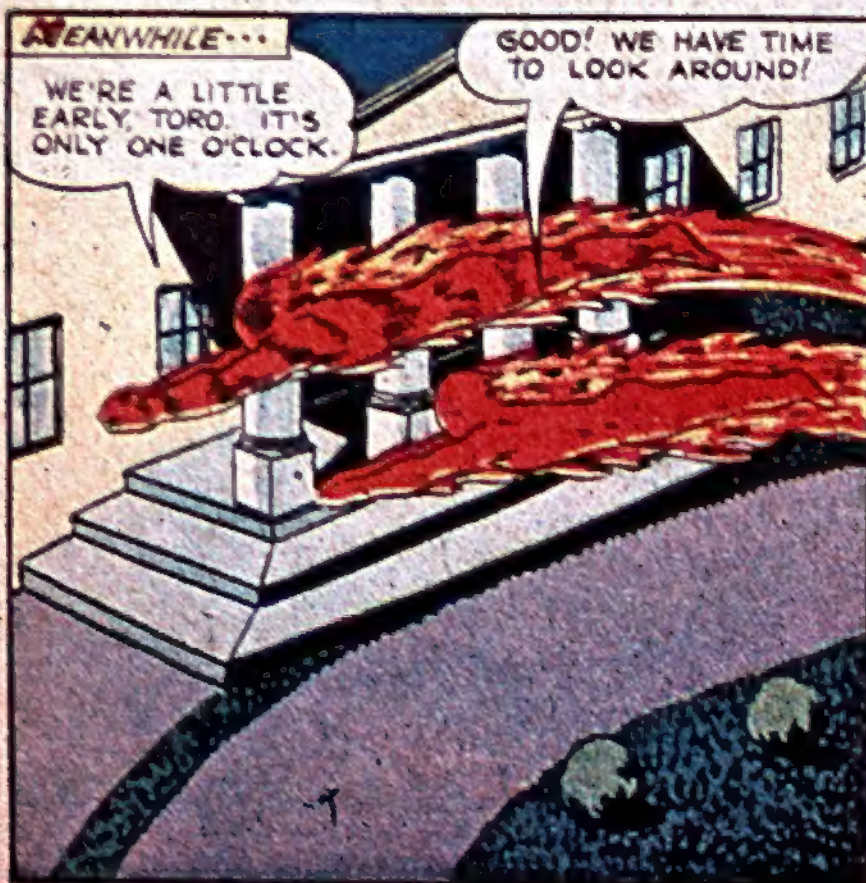
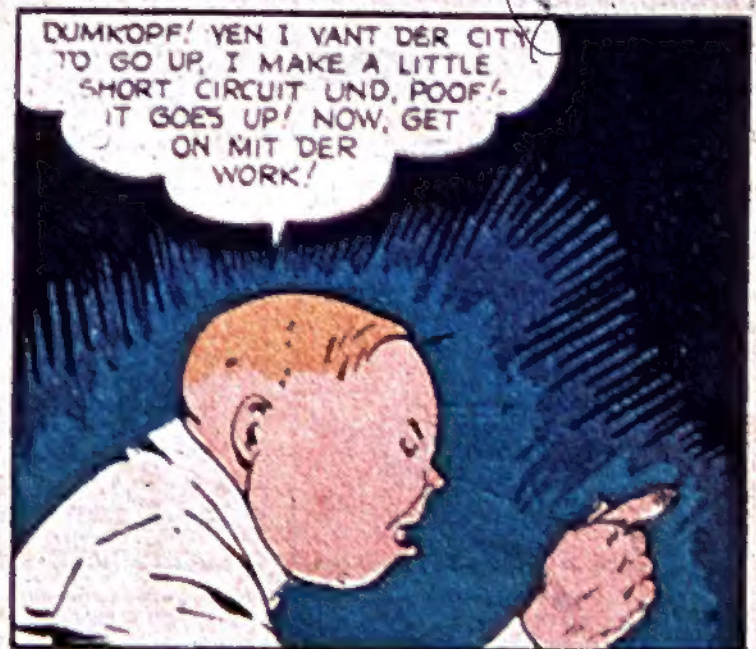
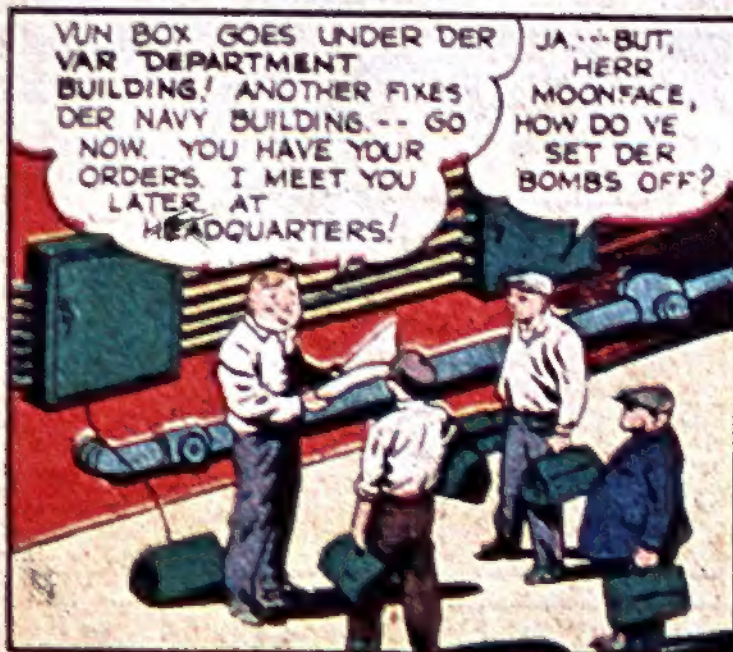
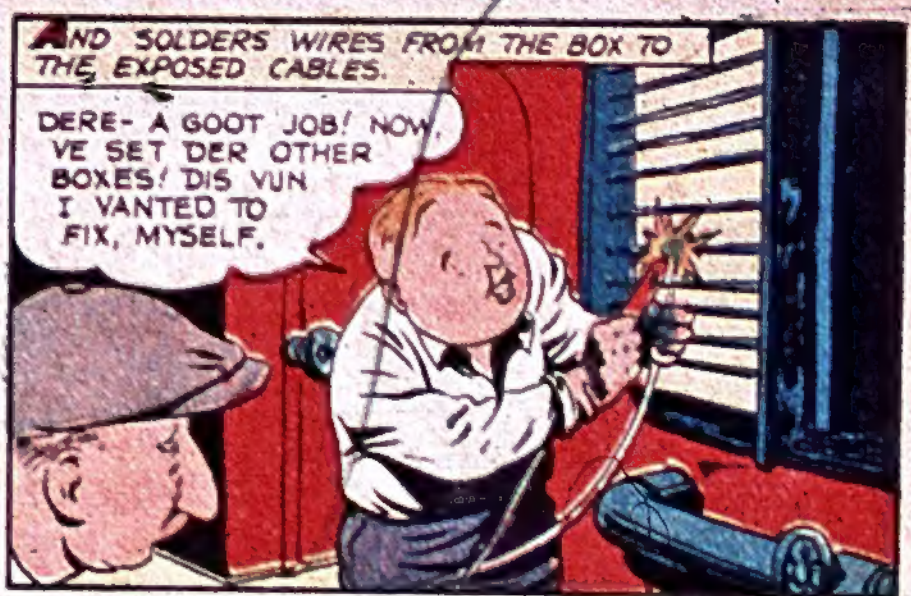
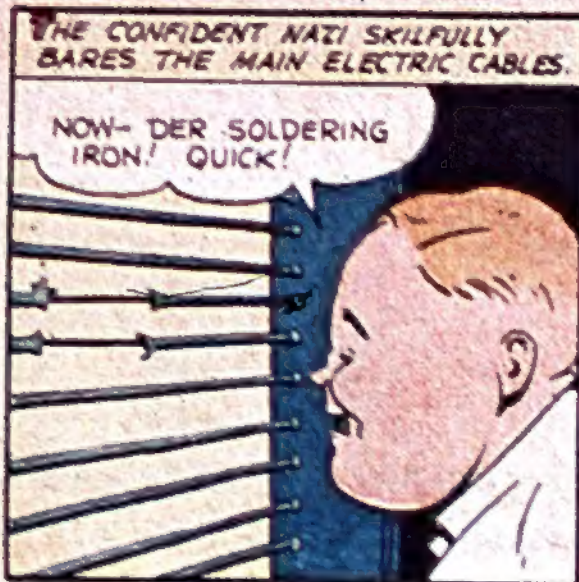
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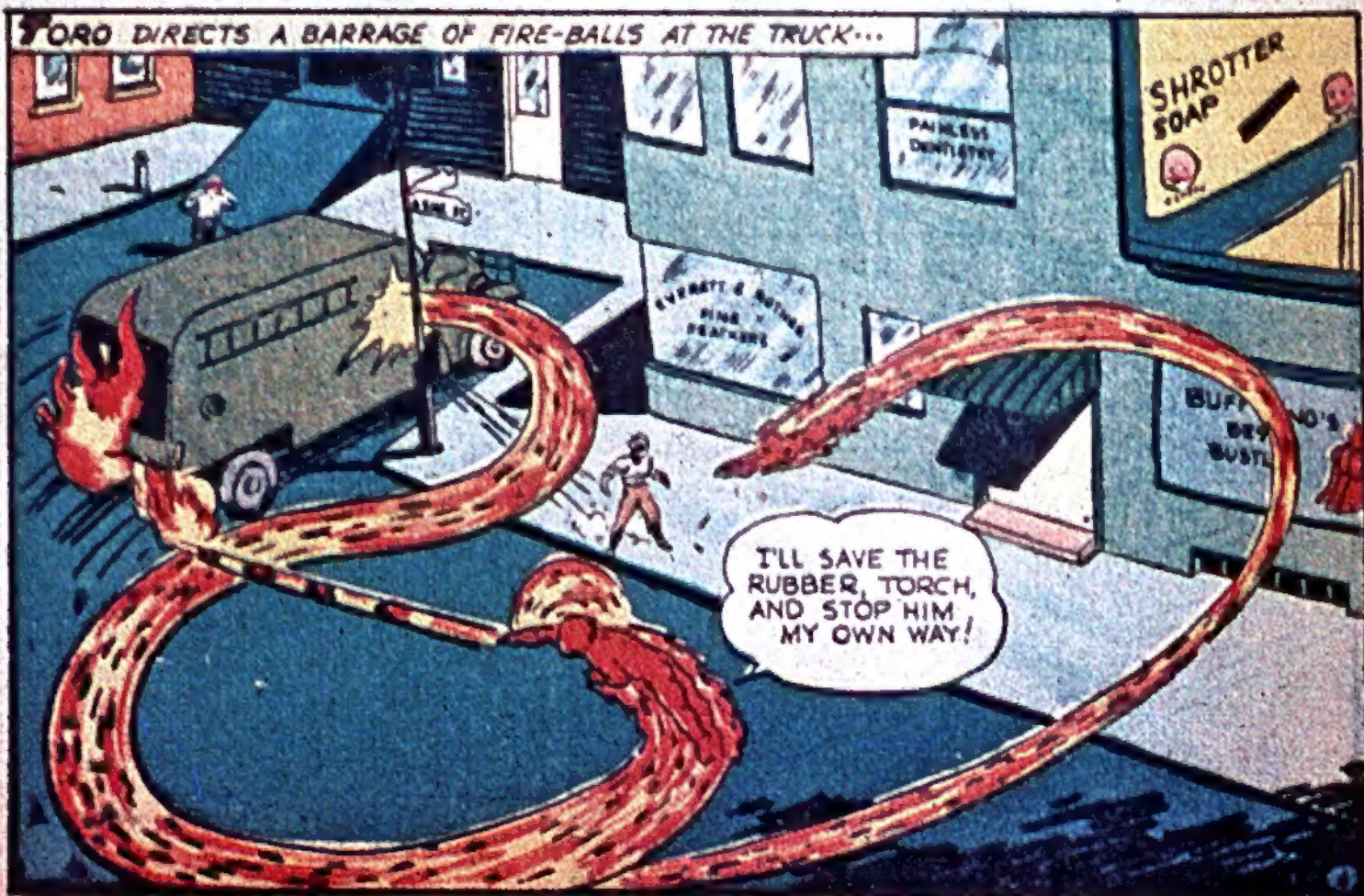
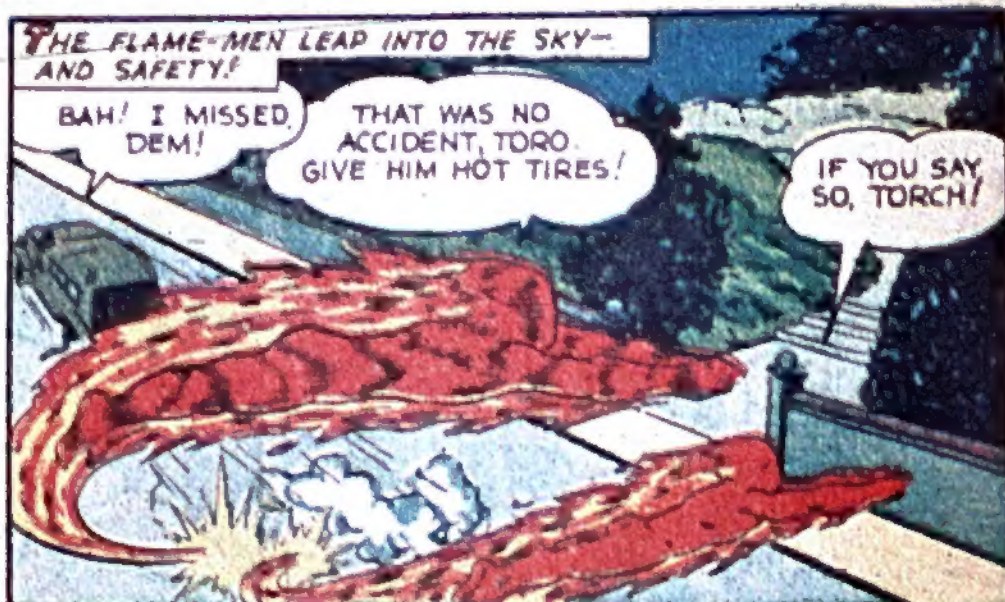
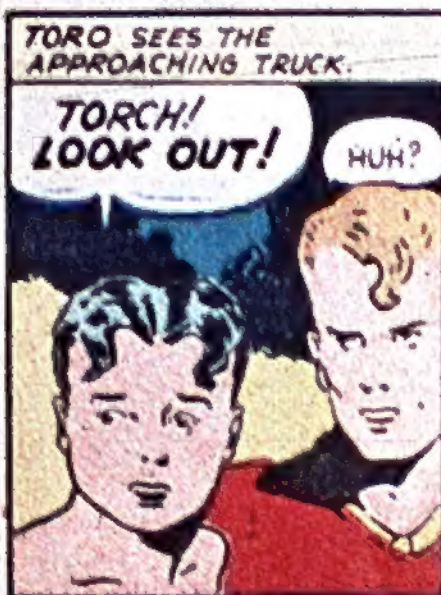
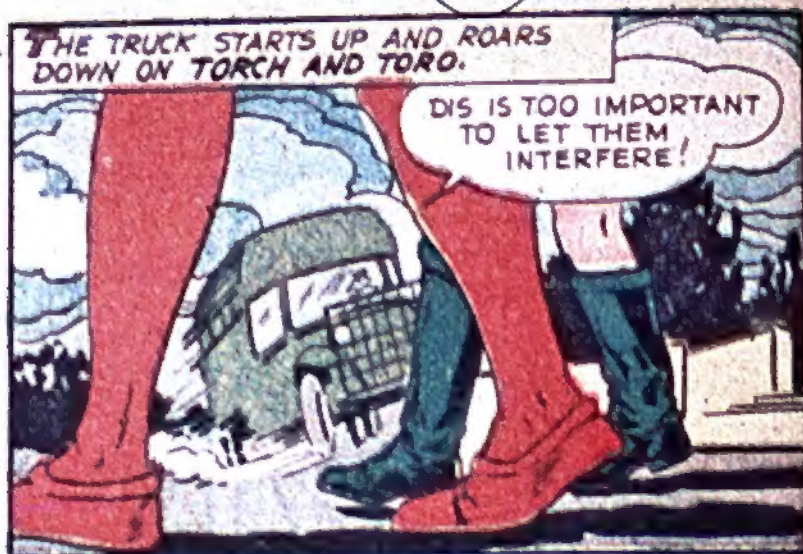
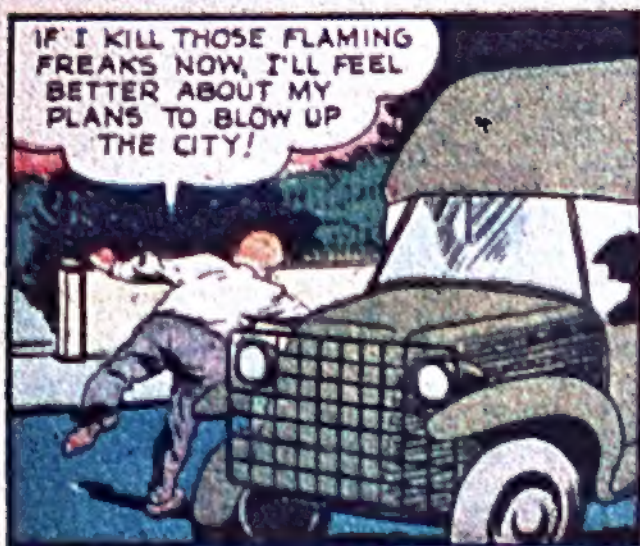
HUMAN TORCH



THE GLASS TUBE
OF DEATH







BUT MOONFACE HAS LEAPED OUT OF THE CAB, LEAVING A LUCKLESS ASSISTANT TO TAKE THE BLAME.

DOT IDIOT-- HE VILL TALK TOO MUCH IF I DON'T STOP HIM!

A SHOT RINGS OUT...

YAHRR-- NO-- NO, MOONFACE! OOH!

SOME ONE TOOK A SHOT AT HIM!

HOLY SMOKES!

DID YOU SEE WHERE IT CAME FROM?

NO- BUT I THINK IT WAS FIRED BY SOME ONE NAMED MOONFACE!

SAY, TORCH-- LOOK! SOME ONE'S HIDING IN THERE!

IT'S THE SNIPER-- LET'S GO!

CURSE DOT BRAT!

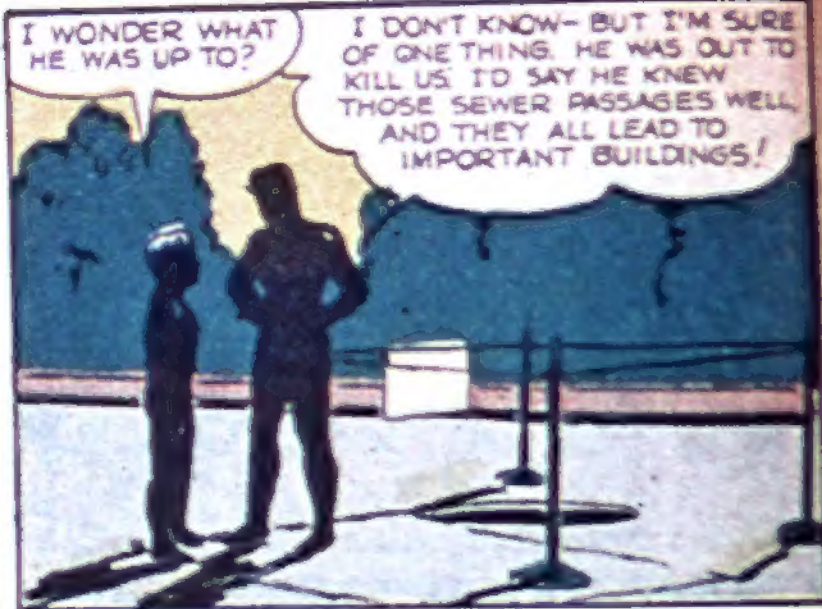
THIS TIME YOU WON'T GET AWAY!

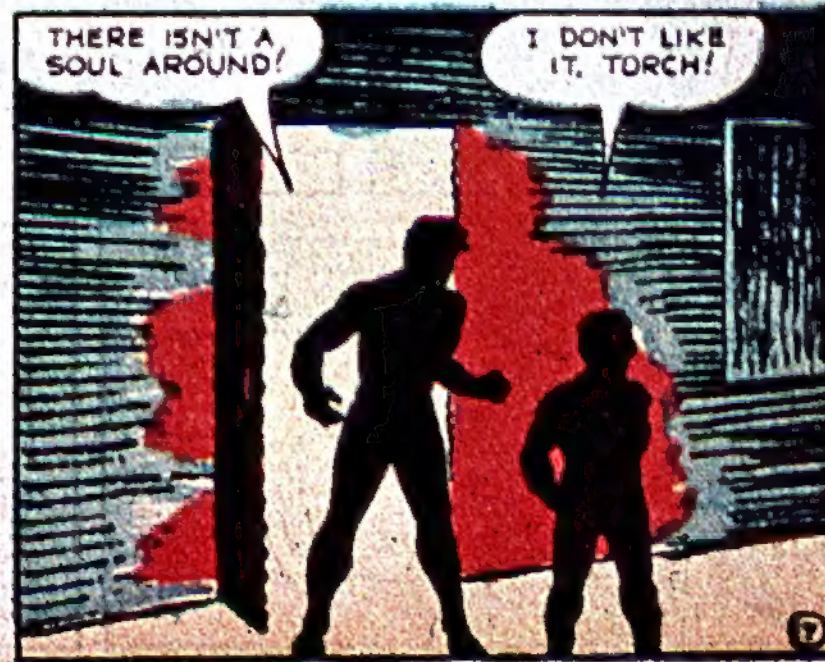
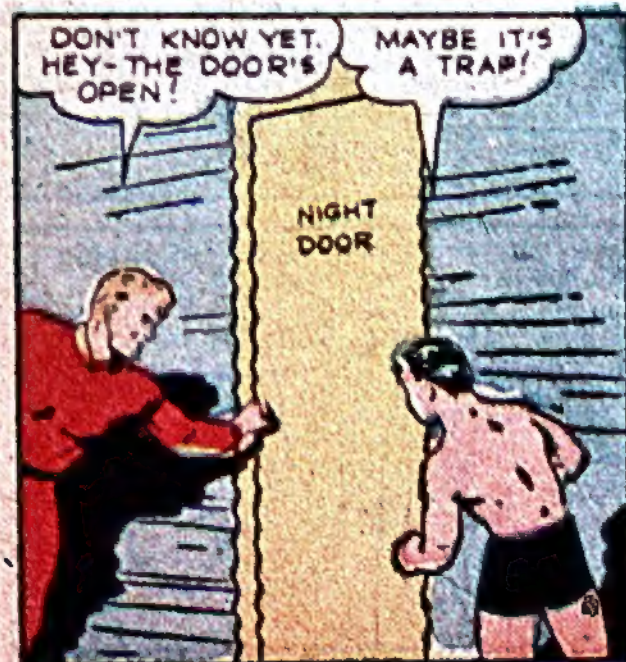
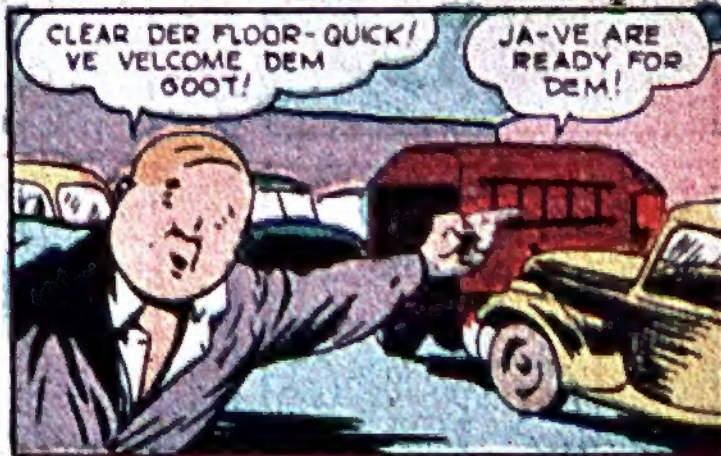
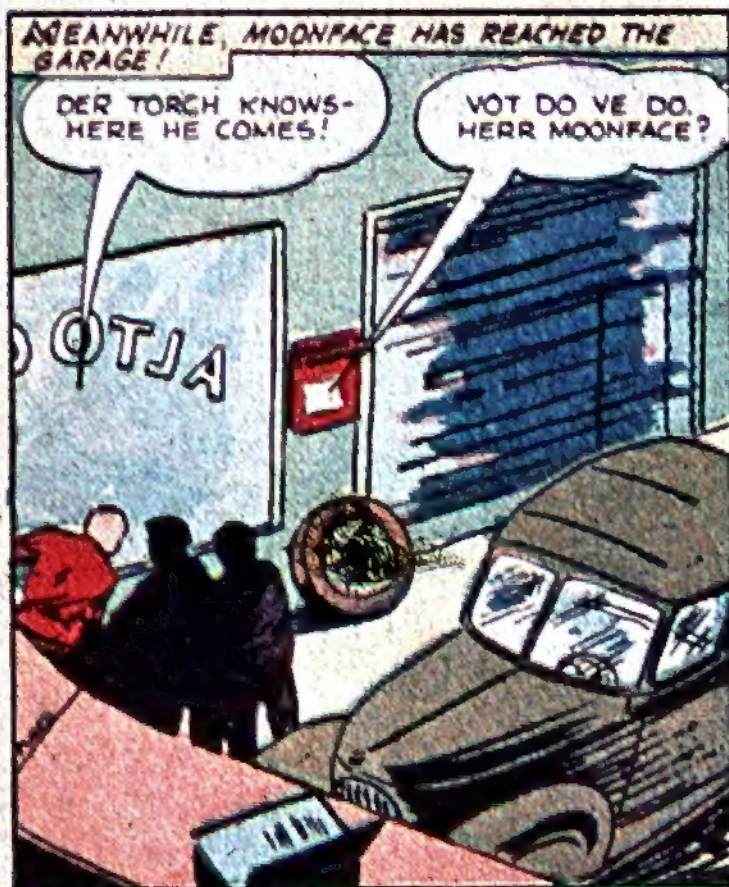
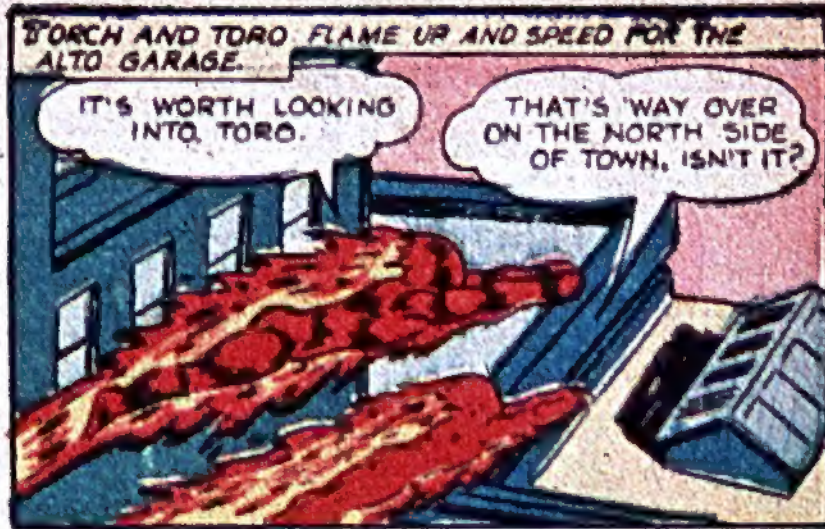
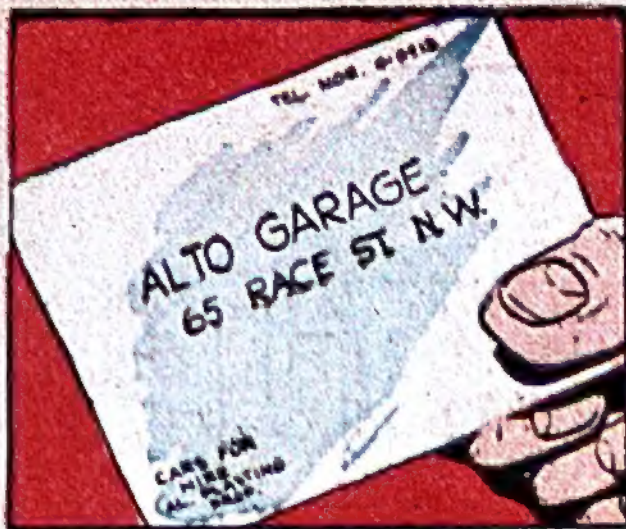
DER SEWER! DOT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

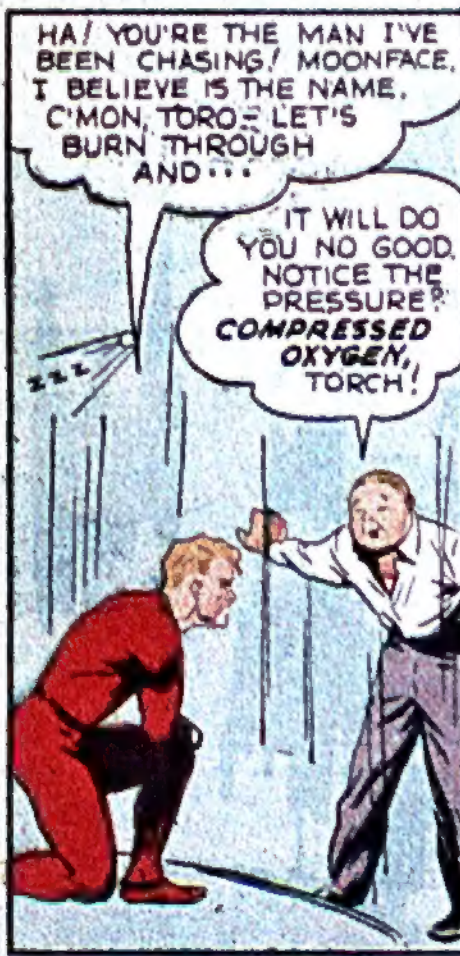
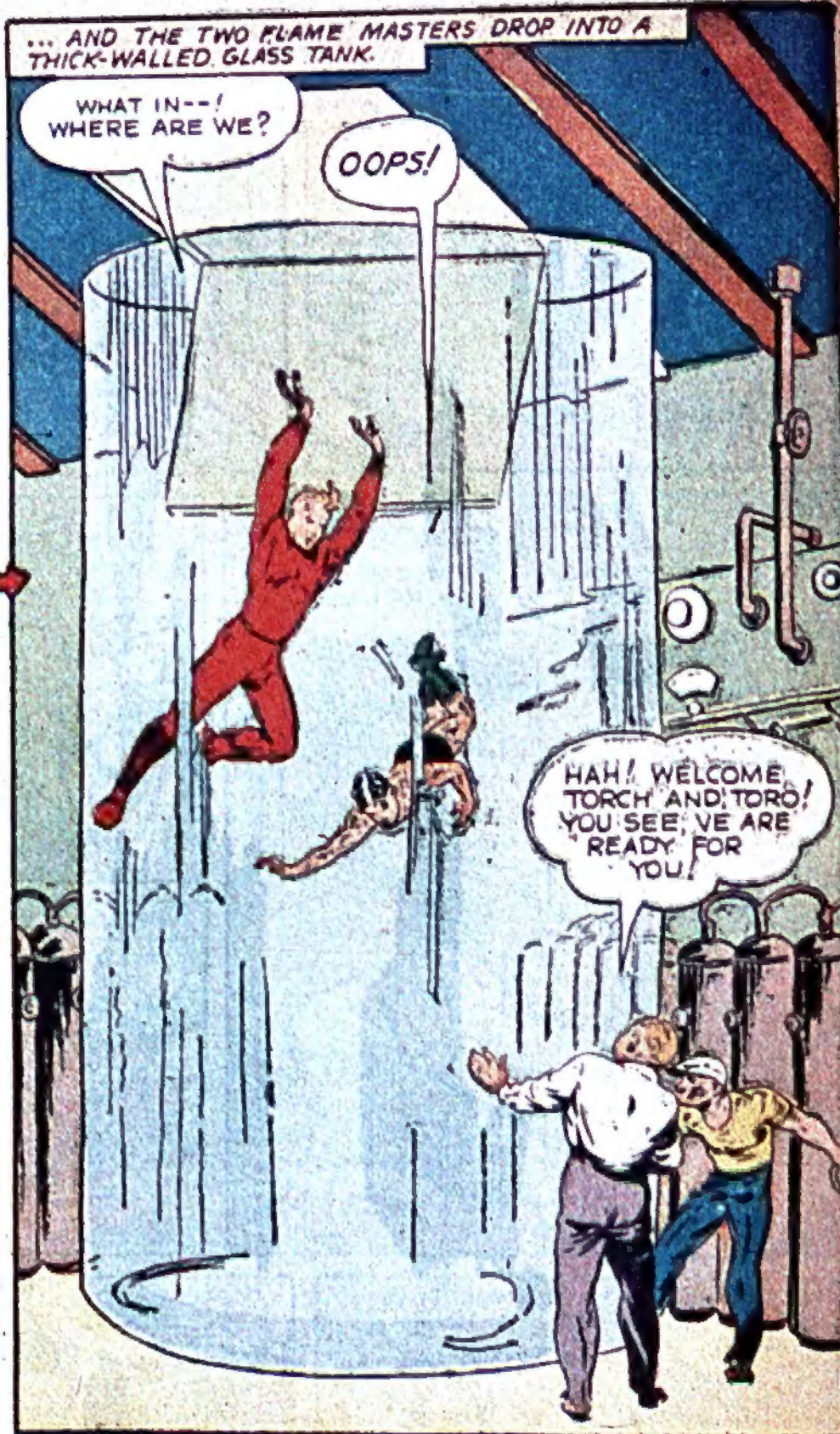
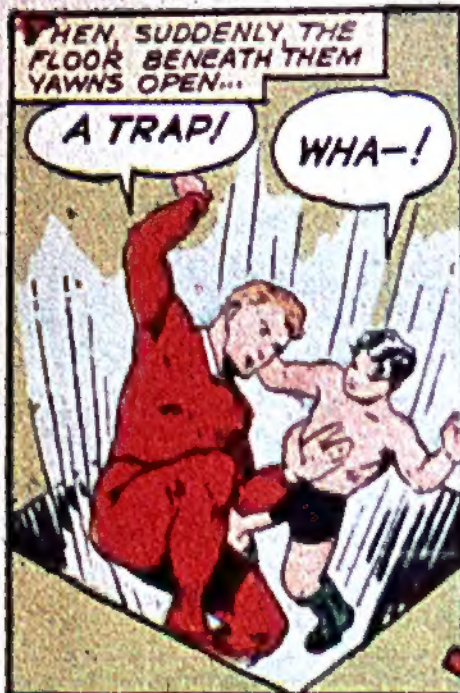
GOSH! MOONFACE IS RIGHT!

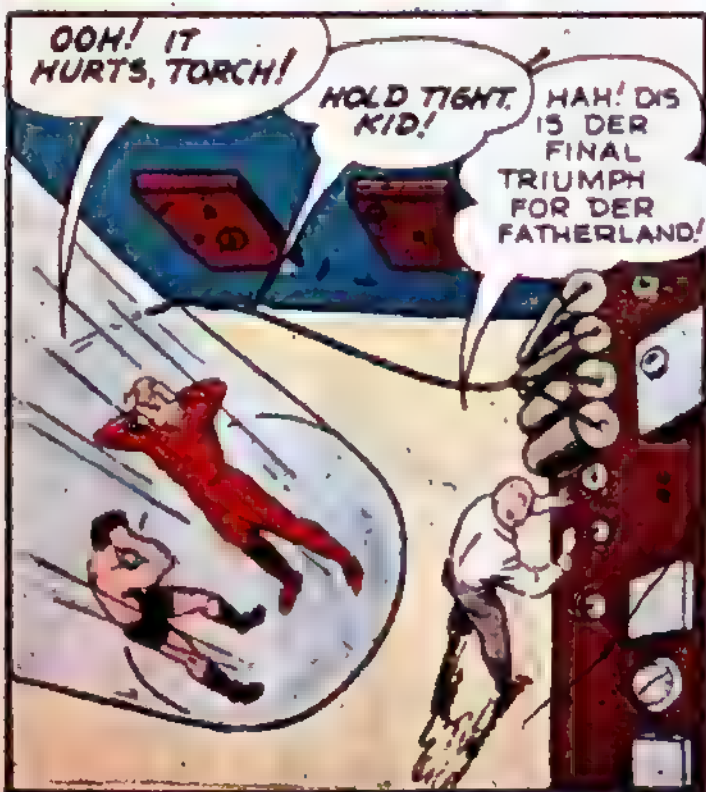
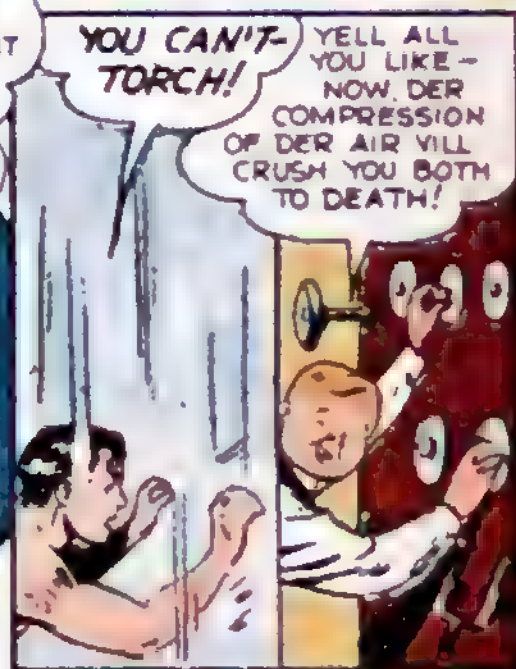
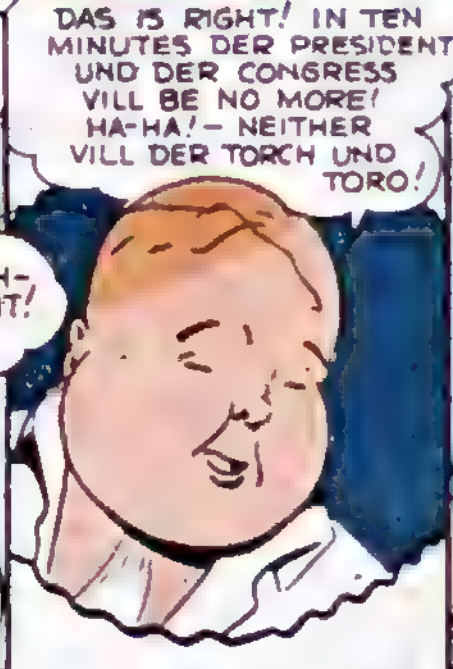
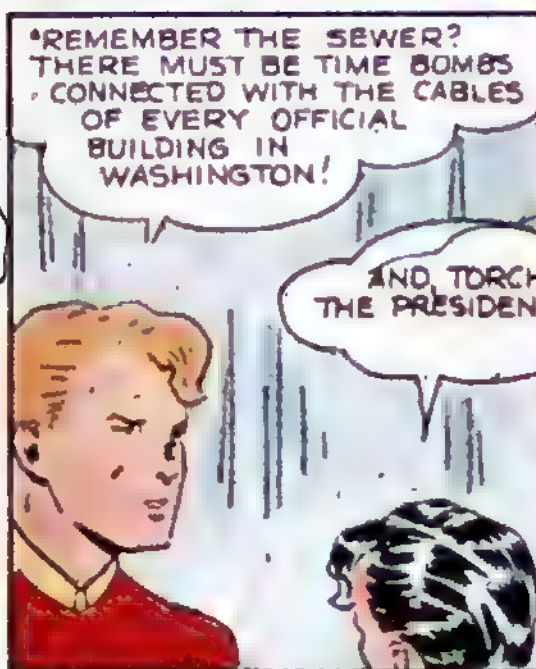
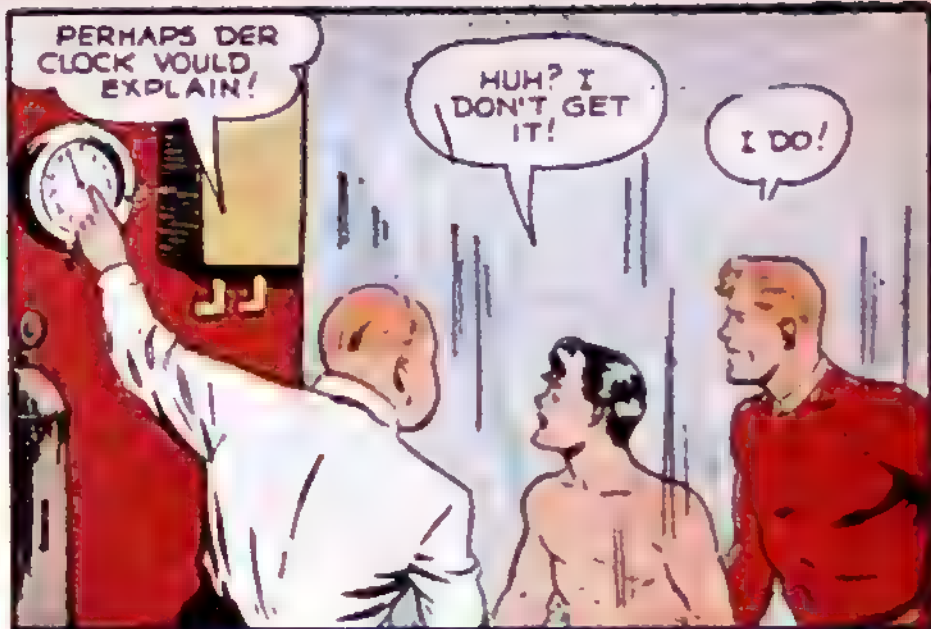
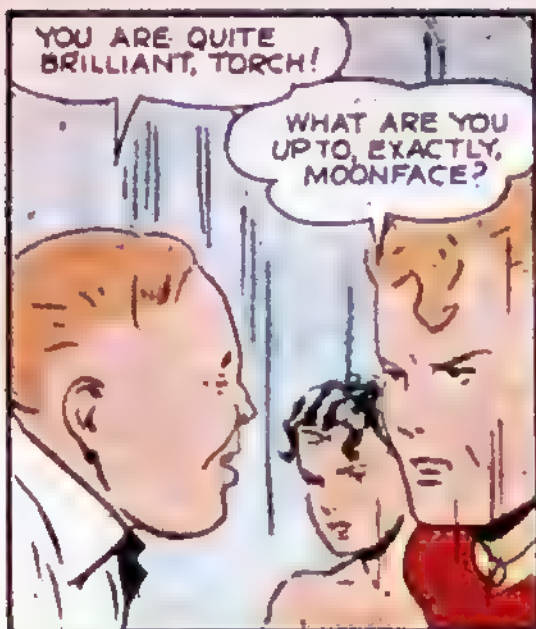
THE NAZI DUCKS DOWN INTO THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGES HE KNOWS SO WELL... AND TORCH FOLLOWS.

WHAT A RAT-HOLE! I'LL NEVER FIND HIM HERE! HE MIGHT HAVE GONE A DOZEN WAYS...









I'LL JUST PRESS MY FINGER AGAINST THE GLASS AND FLAME---IT SHOULD CRACK---

THE HUGE GLASS CYLINDER SPLITS ASUNDER WITH A ROAR!



TORCH AND TORO TUMBLE TO THE GROUND!

IT WORKED! WE'RE ALIVE!

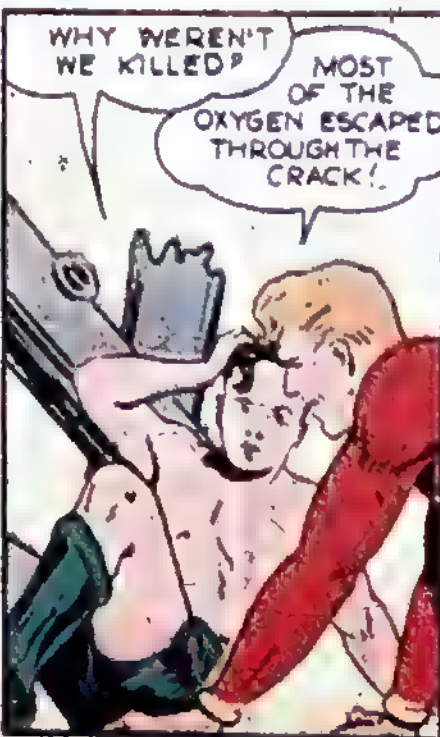
GOSH! WHAT HAPPENED?

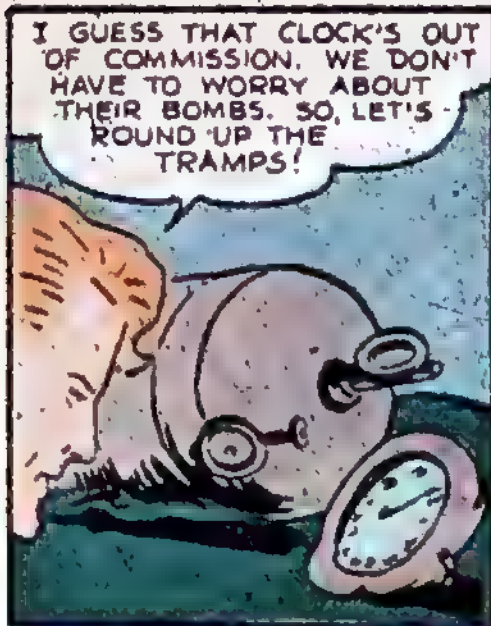
WHY WEREN'T WE KILLED?

MOST OF THE OXYGEN ESCAPED THROUGH THE CRACK!

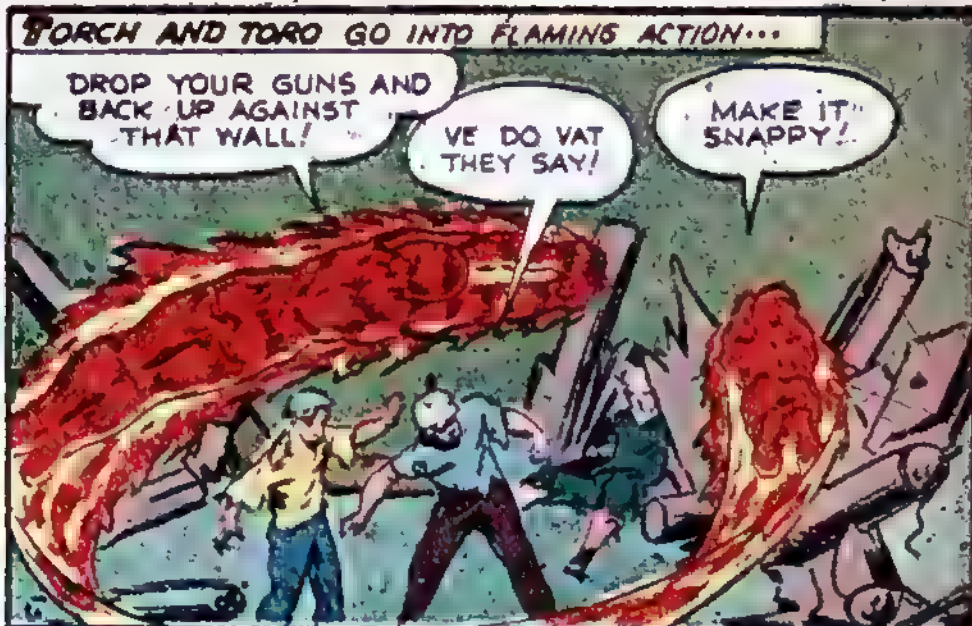
WELL, THOSE NAZIS WEREN'T HURT, EITHER!

NO- JUST DAZED.





I GUESS THAT CLOCK'S OUT OF COMMISSION. WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEIR BOMBS. SO, LET'S ROUND UP THE TRAMPS!

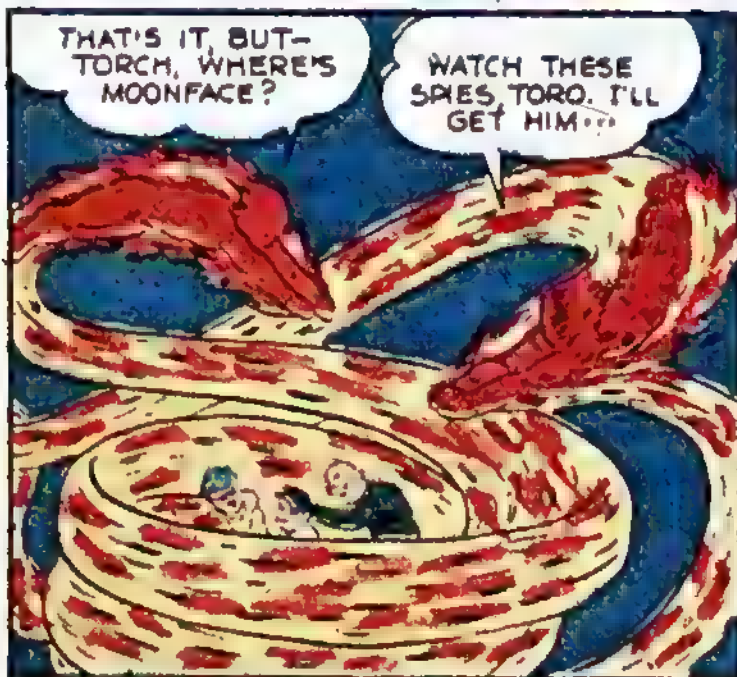


TORCH AND TORO GO INTO FLAMING ACTION...

DROP YOUR GUNS AND BACK UP AGAINST THAT WALL!

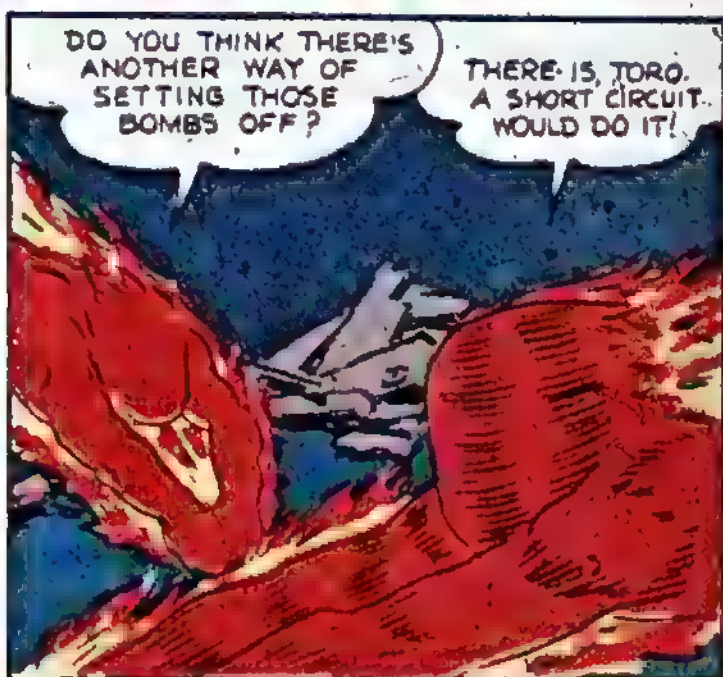
WE DO VAT THEY SAY!

MAKE IT SNAPPY!



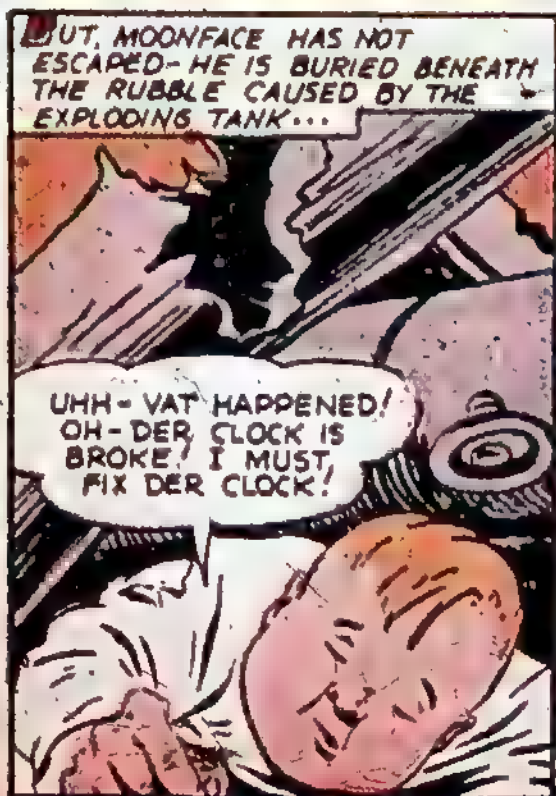
THAT'S IT, BUT—TORCH, WHERE'S MOONFACE?

WATCH THESE SPIES, TORO. I'LL GET HIM...



DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANOTHER WAY OF SETTING THOSE BOMBS OFF?

THERE IS, TORO. A SHORT CIRCUIT WOULD DO IT!



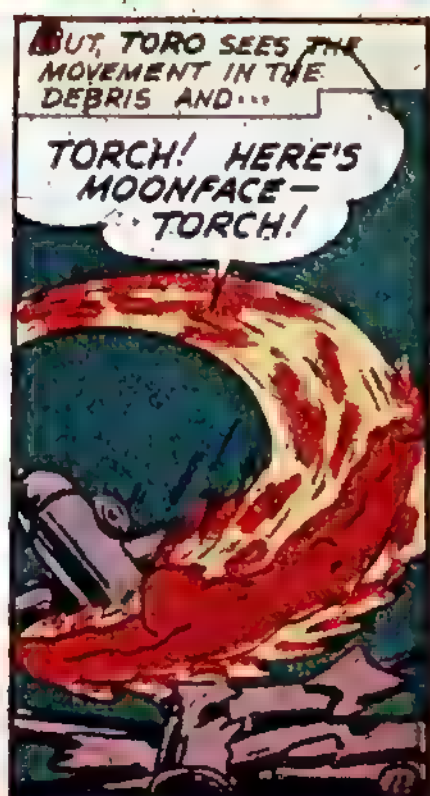
BUT, MOONFACE HAS NOT ESCAPED—HE IS BURIED BENEATH THE RUBBLE CAUSED BY THE EXPLODING TANK...

UHH—VAT HAPPENED! OH—DER, CLOCK IS BROKE! I MUST FIX DER CLOCK!



THE HALF-DAZED NAZI REACHES FOR THE TIMING DEVICE...

JA, I FIX IT—DEN DER FUEHRER REWARDS ME! HA, I REACH IT NOW...



BUT, TORO SEES THE MOVEMENT IN THE DEBRIS AND...

TORCH! HERE'S MOONFACE—TORCH!

TORCH RACES TOWARDS MOONFACE...

HE'S GOING FOR THE WIRES, TORO!

THE CLOCK IS USELESS! I MAKE A SHORT CIRCUIT.



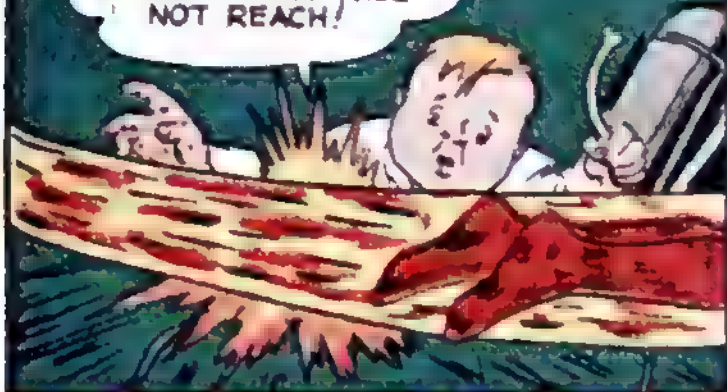
TORCH MAKES A LEAP FOR THE NAZI MADMAN.

TOO LATE, TORCH! HA-HA-HA! YOU ARE TOO LATE!



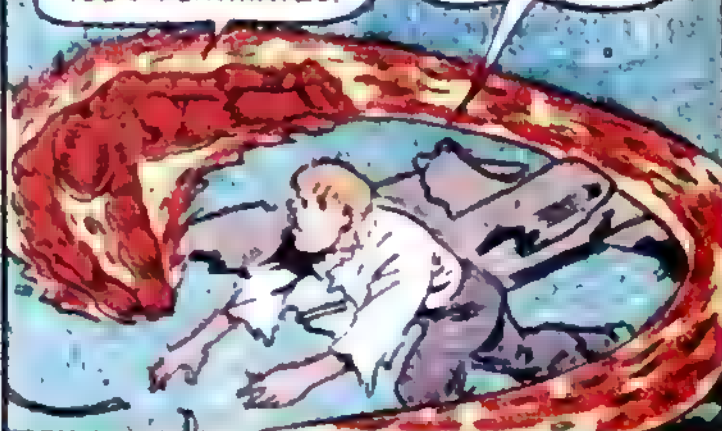
BUT BEFORE THE EXPOSED WIRES CAN BE BROUGHT TOGETHER...

HIMMEL! HE BURNED THEM- THEY WILL NOT REACH!

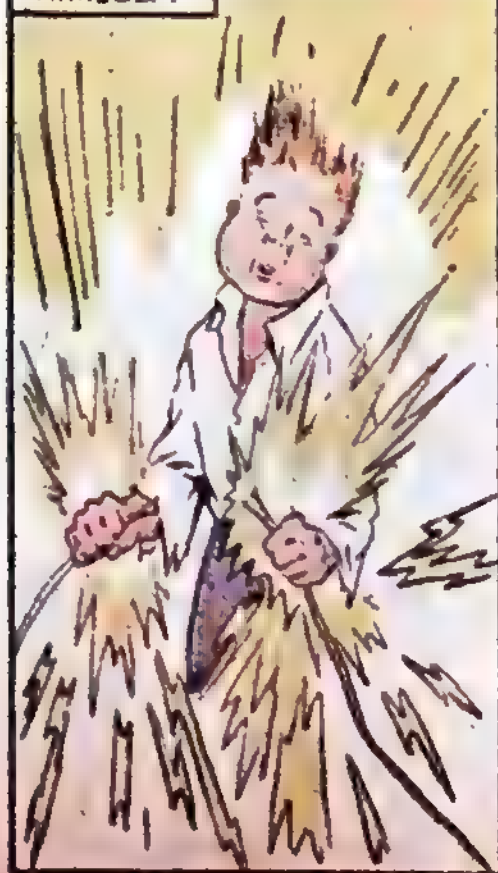


NOW, GET OVER THERE AND JOIN YOUR PLAYMATES!

NEIN-NEIN! I HAAFF FAILED!

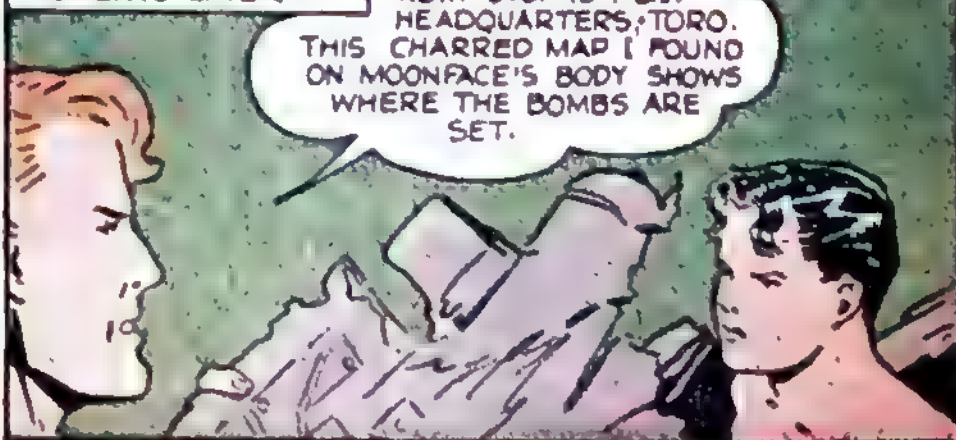


THE FRANTIC NAZI REACHES OUT AND GRABS THE WRONG WIRES--- ELECTROCUTING HIMSELF!



MOMENTS LATER...

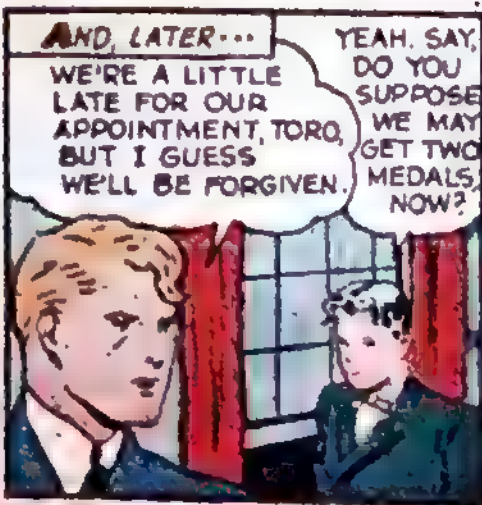
NEXT STOP IS FBI. HEADQUARTERS, TORO. THIS CHARRED MAP I FOUND ON MOONFACE'S BODY SHOWS WHERE THE BOMBS ARE SET.



AND, LATER...

WE'RE A LITTLE LATE FOR OUR APPOINTMENT, TORO, BUT I GUESS WE'LL BE FORGIVEN.

YEAH, SAY, DO YOU SUPPOSE WE MAY GET TWO MEDALS, NOW?



TORCH AND TORO WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL WITH ANOTHER FLAMING STORY OF WILD ADVENTURE!

Meantime YOU CAN EARN A FEW MEDALS OF YOUR OWN BY BUYING WAR BONDS and STAMPS EVERY CHANCE YOU GET!

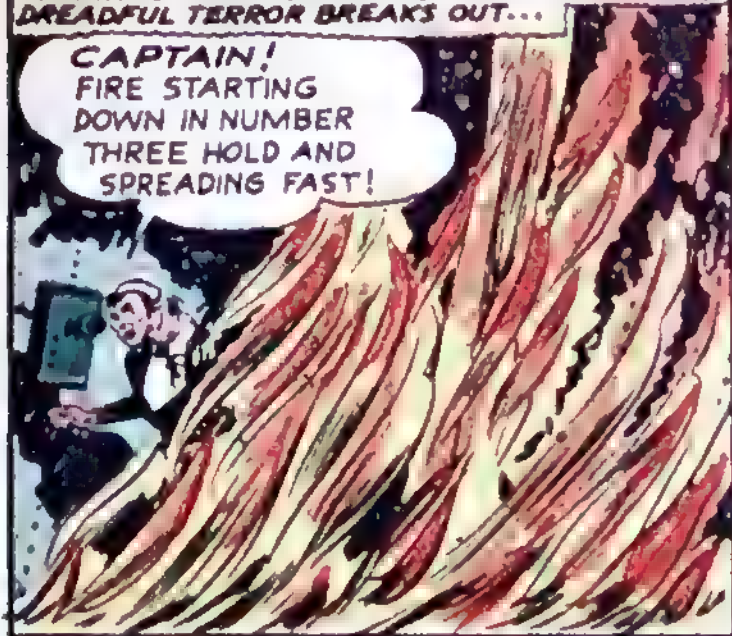
SUB-MARINER

DEAD
MEN
DON'T
TALK!

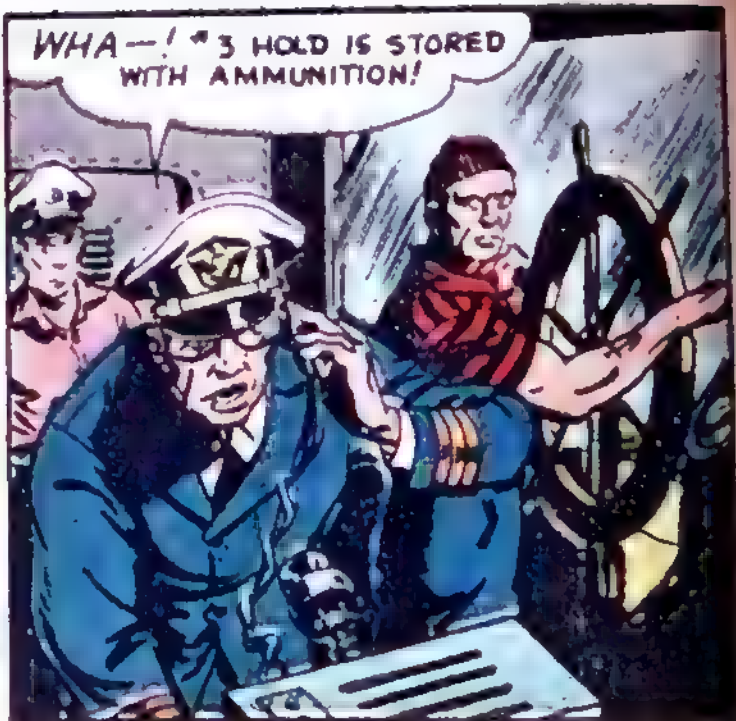


DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF A FREIGHTER
CARRYING WAR SUPPLIES TO EUROPE STRANGE,
DREADFUL TERROR BREAKS OUT...

CAPTAIN!
FIRE STARTING
DOWN IN NUMBER
THREE HOLD AND
SPREADING FAST!



WHA—! #3 HOLD IS STORED
WITH AMMUNITION!



CALL ALL HANDS TO FIGHT
THAT FIRE - OR IT'S
SURE DEATH FOR
EVERYBODY!

ALL
HANDS
BELOW DECK!
FIRE IN THREE
HOLD!

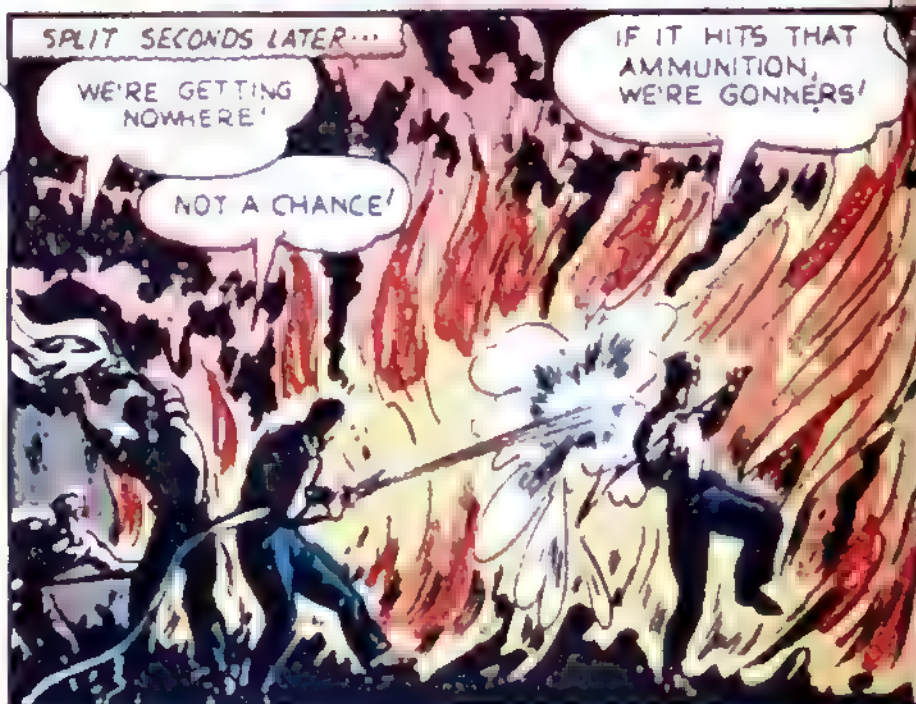


SPLIT SECONDS LATER...

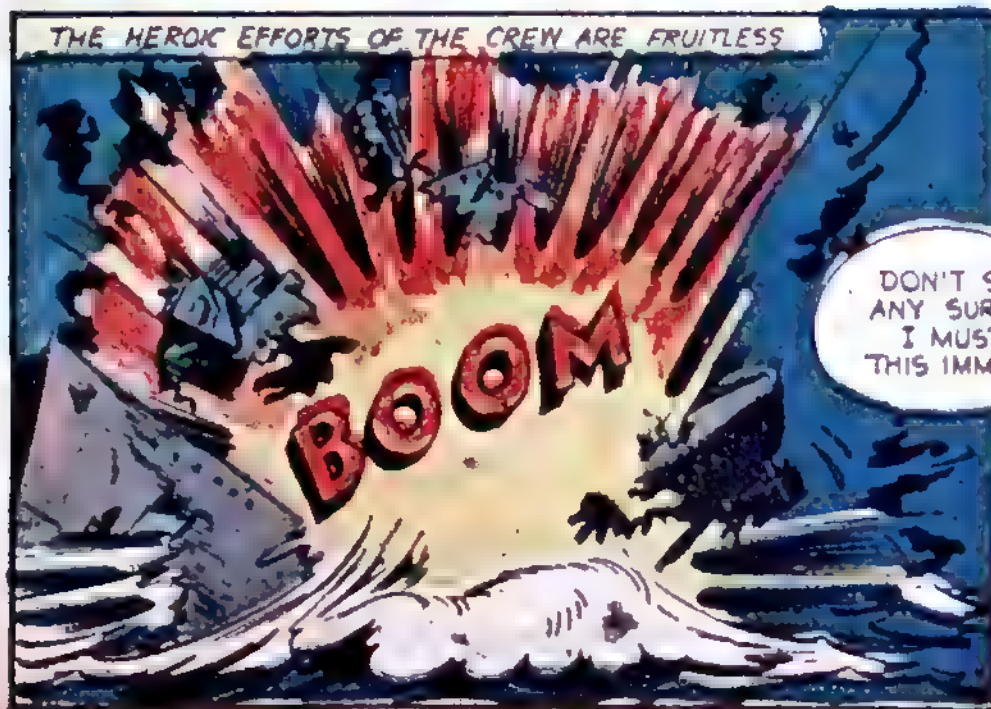
WE'RE GETTING
NOWHERE!

NOT A CHANCE!

IF IT HITS THAT
AMMUNITION,
WE'RE GONNERS!

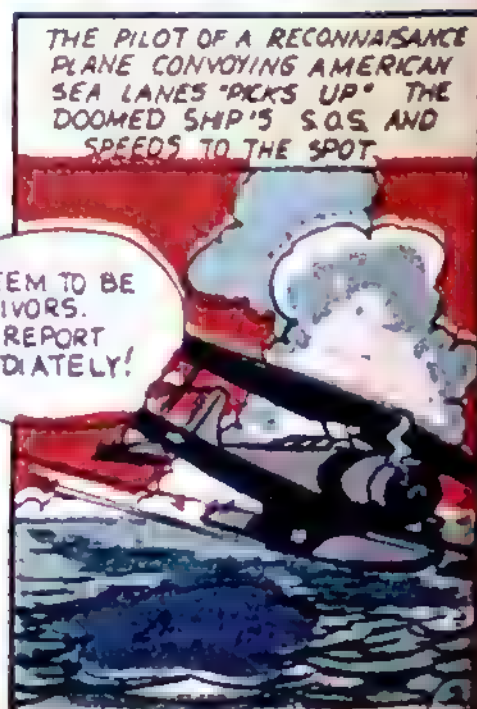


THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF THE CREW ARE FRUITLESS



THE PILOT OF A RECONNAISSANCE
PLANE CONVOYING AMERICAN
SEA Lanes "PICKS UP" THE
DOOMED SHIP'S SOS AND
SPEEDS TO THE SPOT.

DON'T SEEM TO BE
ANY SURVIVORS.
I MUST REPORT
THIS IMMEDIATELY!

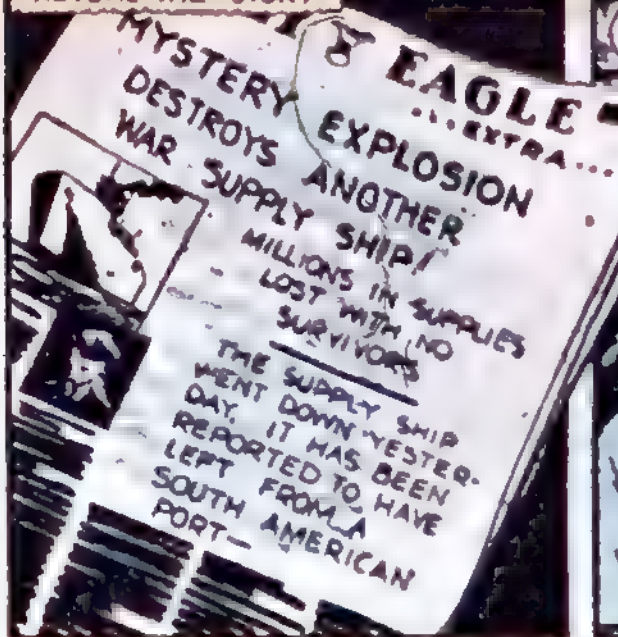


A FEW DAYS LATER, NEWSPAPERS REVEAL THE STORY

AND, IN A SOUTH AMERICAN SEAPORT...

SO, THE FOURTH SHIP HAS SUNK!
GOOT!

JA! DER CREDIT IS YOURS, HERR JURG!



THE AMERICAN DIGGS!
TOMORROW, THE FIFTH BOAT WILL LEAVE FOR THE SAME FATE!
JA!

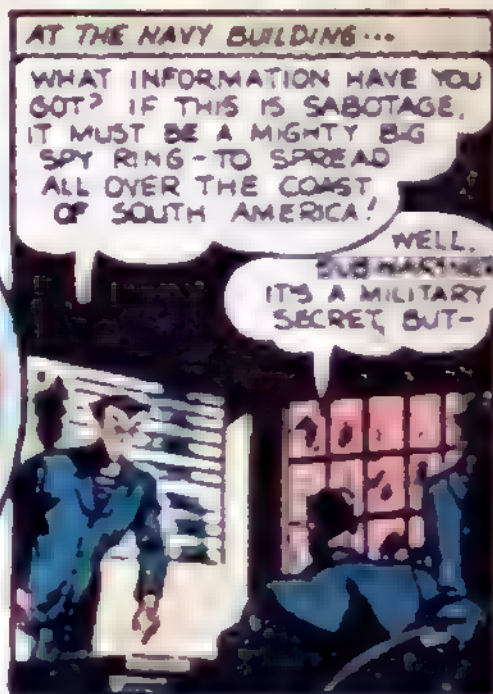
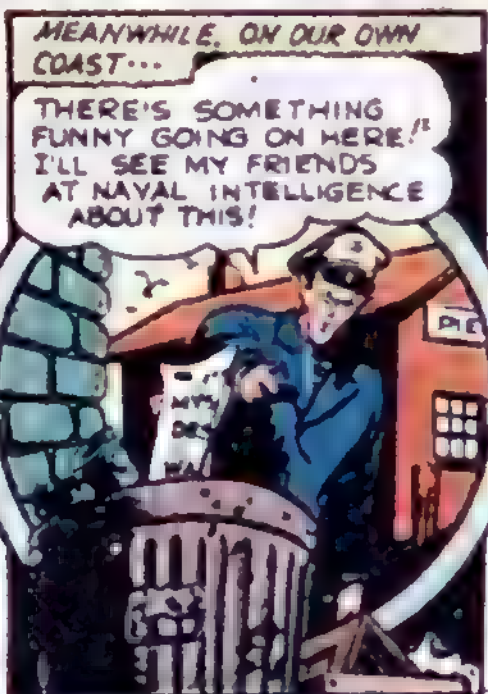
MEANWHILE, ON OUR OWN COAST...

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON HERE!
I'LL SEE MY FRIENDS AT NAVAL INTELLIGENCE ABOUT THIS!

AT THE NAVY BUILDING...

WHAT INFORMATION HAVE YOU GOT? IF THIS IS SABOTAGE, IT MUST BE A MIGHTY BIG SPY RING - TO SPREAD ALL OVER THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA!

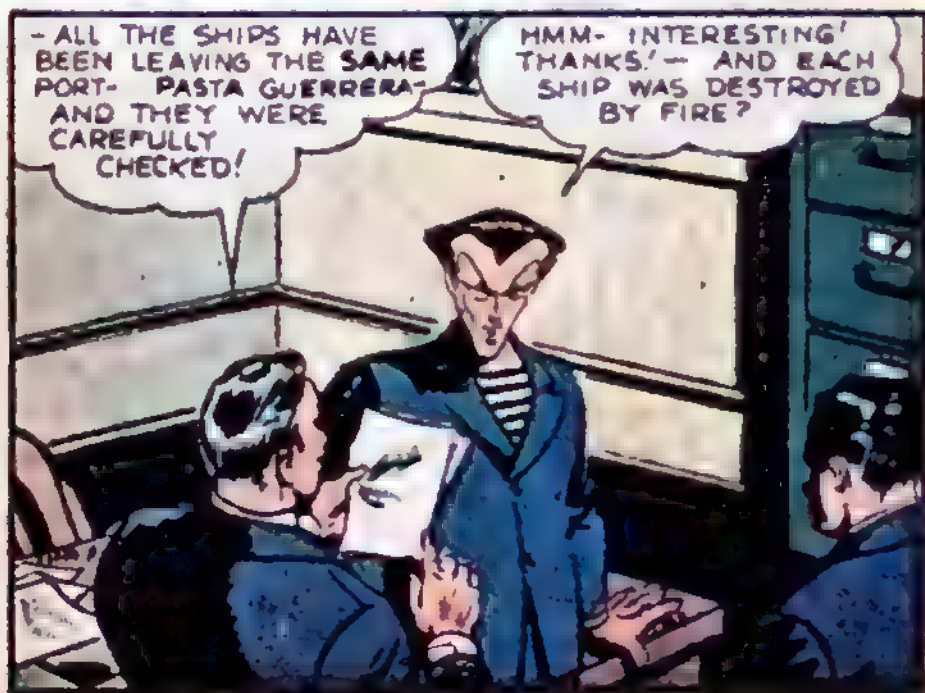
WELL, SUBMARINE IT'S A MILITARY SECRET, BUT-



- ALL THE SHIPS HAVE BEEN LEAVING THE SAME PORT - PASTA GUERRERA - AND THEY WERE CAREFULLY CHECKED!

HMM - INTERESTING! THANKS! - AND EACH SHIP WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE?

MY ADDRESS WILL BE PASTA GUERRERA FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS. I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF I DISCOVER ANYTHING IMPORTANT.



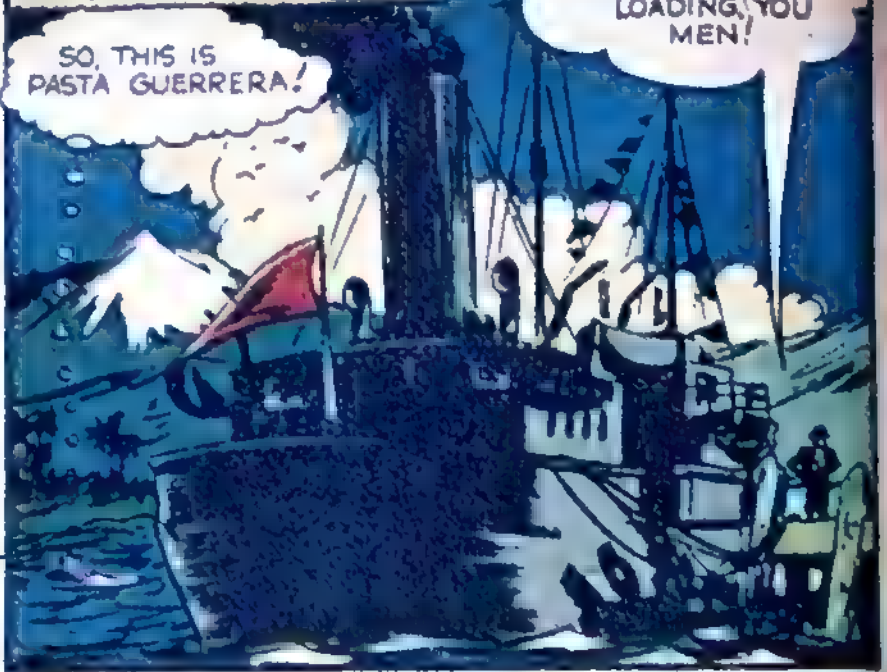
MINUTES LATER- WITH STROKES SWIFTER THAN AN ARROW FROM ROBIN HOOD'S BOW, THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER IS HEADING FOR SOUTH AMERICA!



AND, THE NEXT MORNING...

SO, THIS IS PASTA GUERRERA!

HURRY WITH THAT LOADING, YOU MEN!



HE SPEAKS TO THE FREIGHTER CAPTAIN...

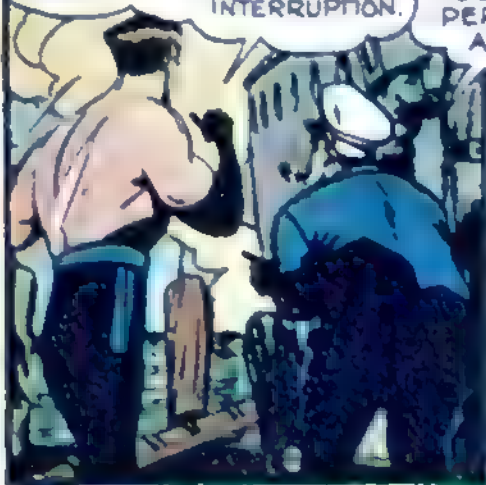
CAPTAIN, I'M ON A SECRET MISSION AND I WANT PERMISSION TO WANDER AROUND HERE WITHOUT INTERRUPTION.

WHA-! SUB-MARINER! OF COURSE! ANYTHING YOU DO IS PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT.

ER- WHO'S THE MAN WITH WHISKERS? HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A DOCKHAND

THAT'S PROFESSOR JURG-A BOTANIST FOR THE ROYAL GARDENS OF AMSTERDAM!

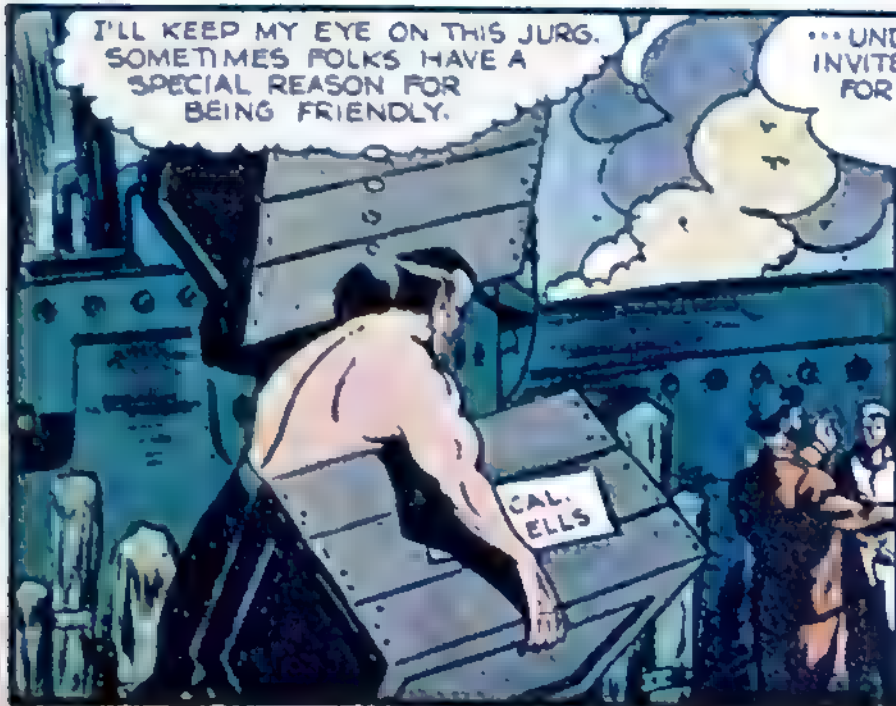
HE OFTEN INVITES THE CREW TO DINNER!



I'LL KEEP MY EYE ON THIS JURG. SOMETIMES FOLKS HAVE A SPECIAL REASON FOR BEING FRIENDLY.

...UND YOU ARE ALL INVITED TO MY HOUSE FOR A FAREWELL DINNER.

GEE, THANKS, PROFESSOR! WE'LL BE THERE.



BUT, SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THE BOTANIST.

HE'S ONE STRANGER WHO KNOWS THE FREIGHTER LEAVES THIS AFTER-NOON! HMM-



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, JURG ENTERS A GREENHOUSE, AND...

THE PLANTS ARE ALL READY, HERR JURG.

UND I HAVE ALREADY INVITED THREE STEVEDORES WHO LOAD THE SHIP. THEY THINK I AM VERY KIND- HA!



AFTER THE AMERICANS HAVE EATEN, THEY WILL DO ME THE FAVOR OF TAKING SOME PLANTS TO EUROPE FOR ME!



THE FOOLS DO NOT KNOW DOT INCENDIARIES IN THE PLANTS. WILL SET FIRE TO THE SHIP, TOO! HA-HA-HA!

HA-HA-HA!

HA-HA!



SUDDENLY...

SO THAT'S HOW THOSE FIRES HAPPENED!



SEE WHETHER THIS IS SO FUNNY!

OWW!

OOOF!



TH- THE SUB-MARINER!

SWIFTLY AND DESPERATELY, THE NAZI RALLIES
HIS MEN TO ATTACK THE
VENGEFUL SUB-MARINER!

LET ME DOWN!
LET ME DOWN!

HE MUST BE
STOPPED!
KILL HIM!

ACH! HE ISS
LIKE DER
WHIRLING
DERVISH!

YOU'LL GO DOWN,
ALL RIGHT!

HARD!

BUT...!!!

DERE ARE
MANY USES FOR
PLANTS!

-LIKE THIS
FOR INSTANCE!

TIE HIM WELL! WE WILL
TAKE HIM DOWN TO DER
DUNGEON! HE LOSES
HIS STRENGTH OUT
OF WATER!

JA!

BUT AS SUB-MARINER IS CARRIED DOWN A DARK FLIGHT OF STEPS...

VAIT! HERR JURG—
THE THREE MEN HAVE
ARRIVED!

ACH!

THEY ARE MY GUESTS—
I MUST GO UP NOW—
I WILL TAKE CARE
OF YOU LATER!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE NAZIS ASSUME
ANOTHER POSE!

WOW! THAT IS THE
BEST MEAL I'VE
HAD SINCE I LEFT
MILWAUKEE!

SURE NICE
OF YOU TO
INVITE US,
PROFESSOR!

YOU ARE PERFECTLY WELCOME,
BOYS BUT— WOULD YOU DO
ME A LITTLE FAVOR
IN RETURN?

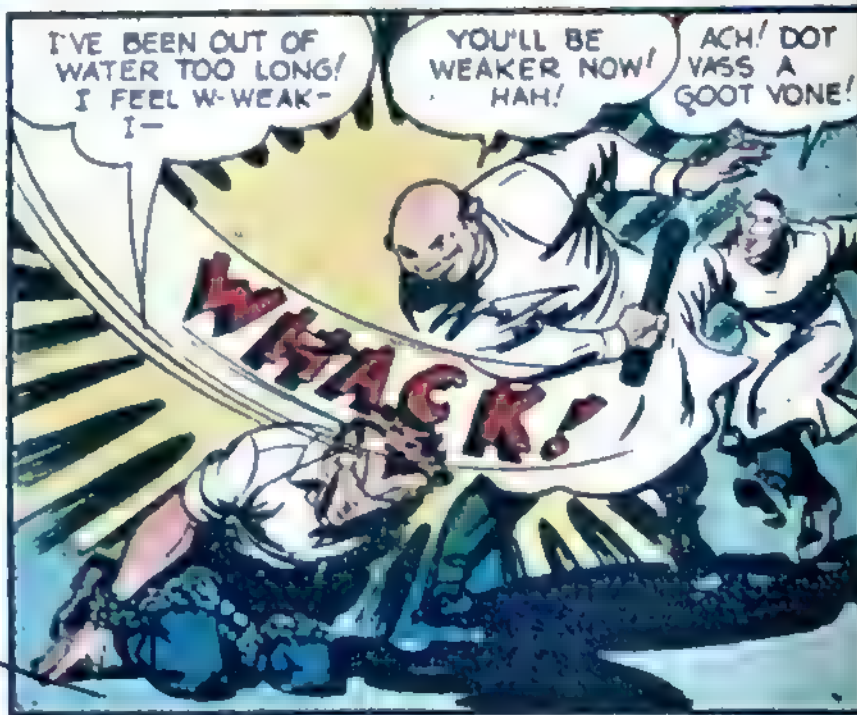
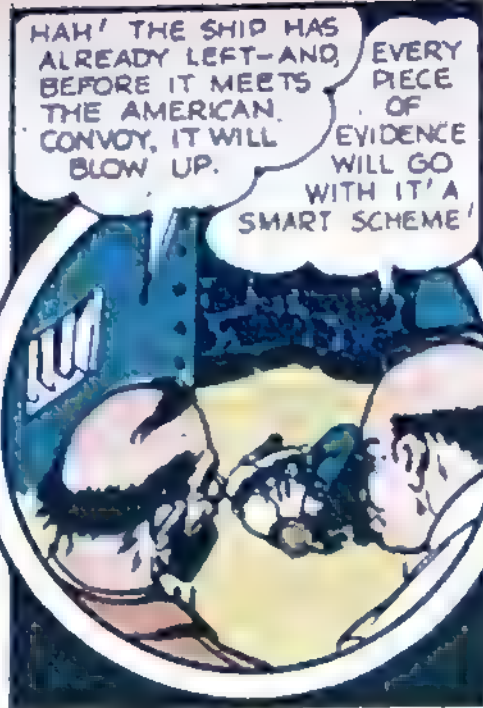
AS YOU KNOW, I AM A BOTANIST.
I HAVE FOUND A RARE PLANT
WHICH I WANT VERY MUCH TO
GET TO HOLLAND— BUT, OF
'COURSE, PLANTS DO NOT
SEEM IMPORTANT
ENOUGH TO BE
GIVEN SPACE...

YOU
WANT 'EM
STOWED ON
THE FREIGHTER?
SURE! THAT'LL
BE EASY!

ONCE THEY GET
TO ENGLAND, IT'LL
BE A CINCIN TO
SHIP 'EM TO
HOLLAND,
PROFESSOR.

THANK YOU!
THANK YOU SO
MUCH! TAKE
GOOD CARE
OF THEM!

FOOLS! THE SHIP
WILL NEVER GET
TO ENGLAND—
IT WORKS ONCE
AGAIN— NEIN!



SOON- ON A PEAK OVERLOOKING
THE SEA...

RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF
WITH IT- HE WILL BE
KILLED ON THE ROCKS!

SUCH AN END
FOR SUB-MARINER!
ACH!

AS THE BOY FALLS, IT HITS A
JAGGED EDGE OF THE CLIFF-

CRASH!

SUB-MARINER, BATTERED
AND UNCONSCIOUS, FALLS
INTO THE SEA.

BUT, NAMOR IS NOT DEAD
AND THE OCEAN SWIFTLY
REVIVES THE WATER PRINCE

MIGHTY MUSCLES SURGE AND
SUB-MARINER IS COMPLETELY
FREE.

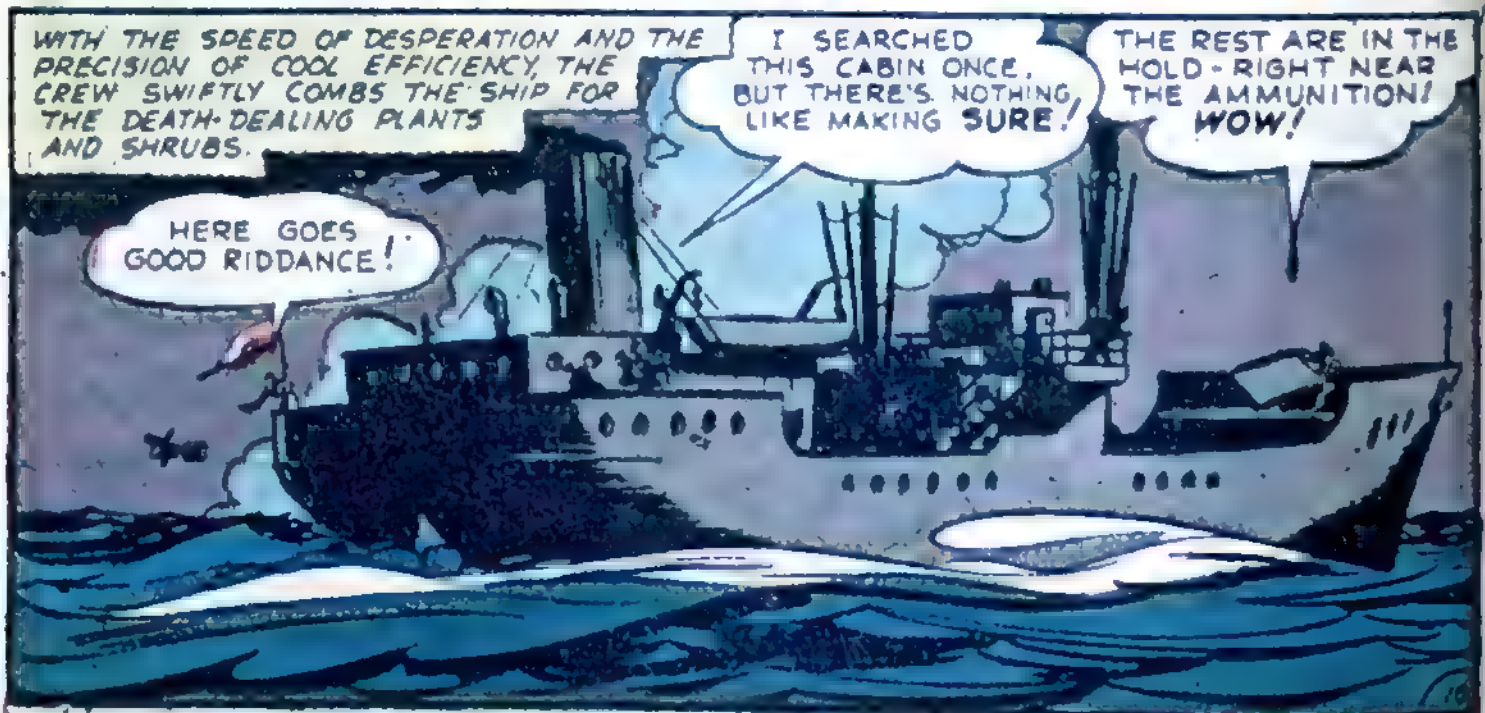
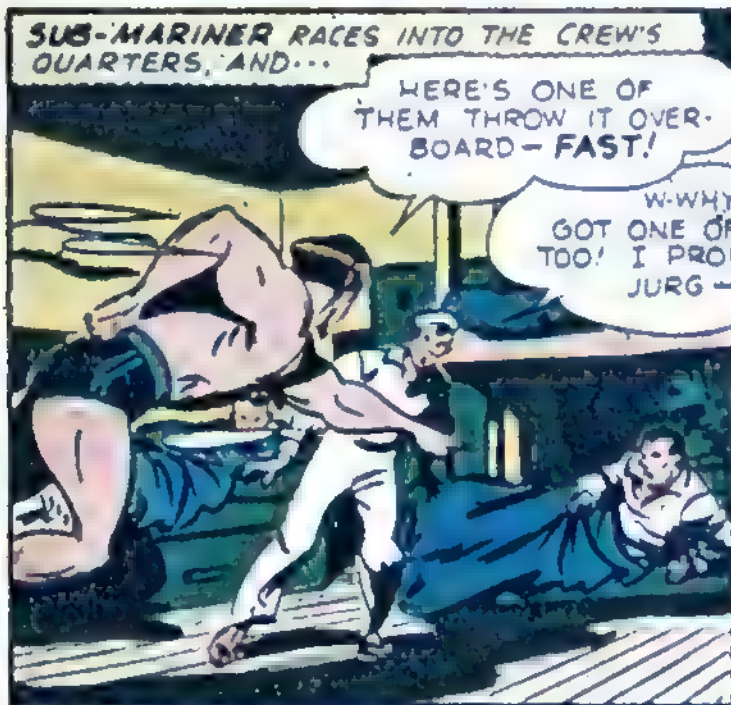
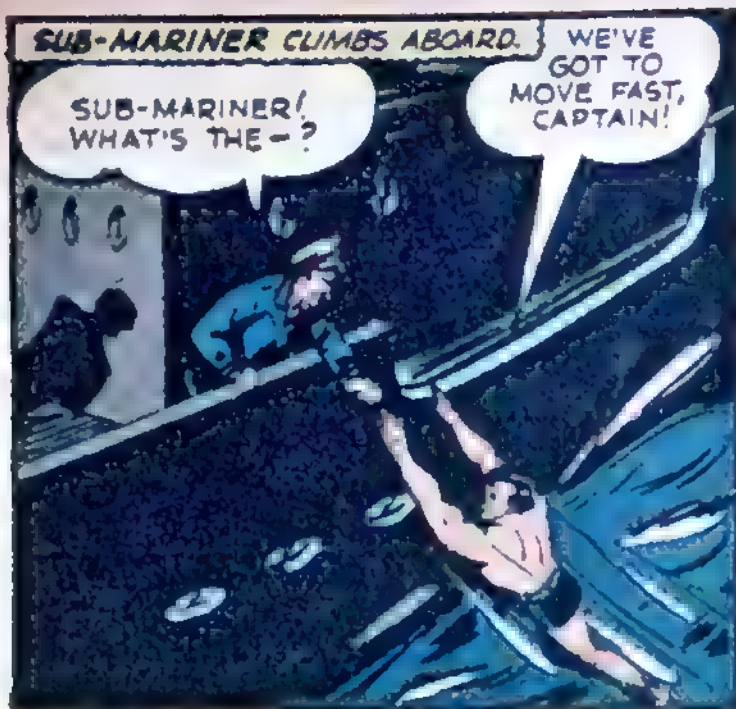
JURG- THOSE
PLANTS! I MUST
STOP HIS FIENDISH
PLAN!

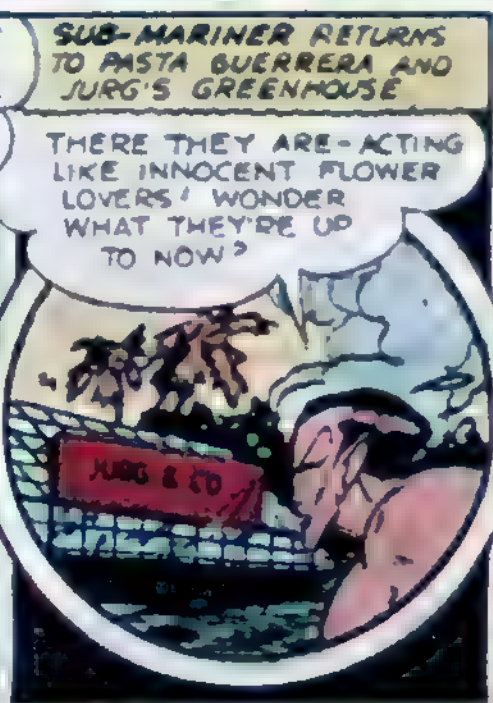
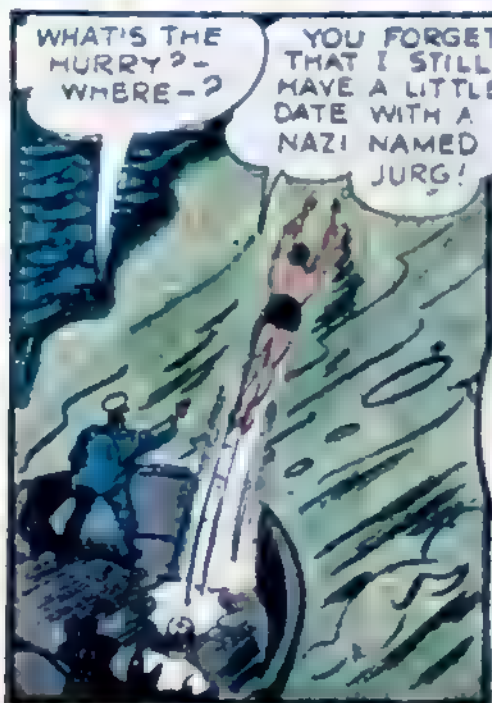
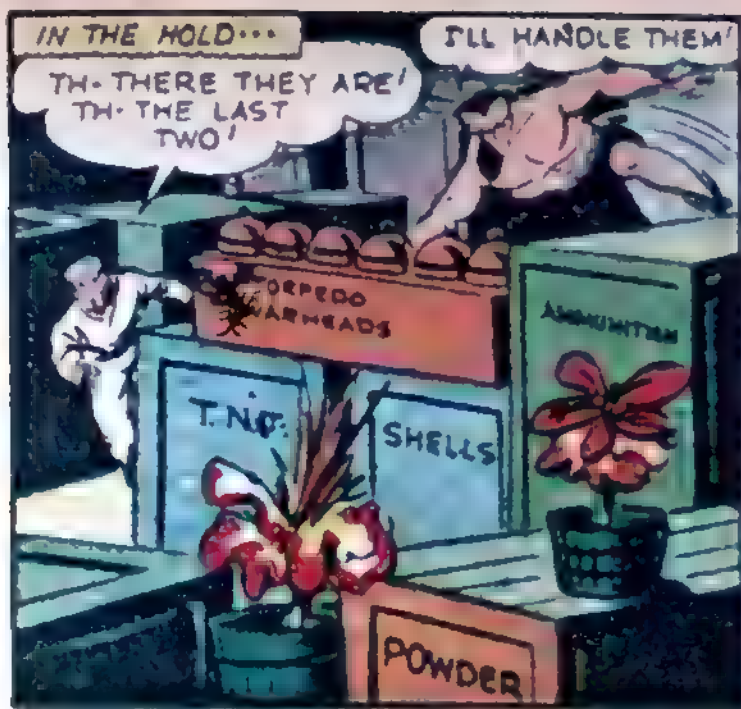
THE FREIGHTER!

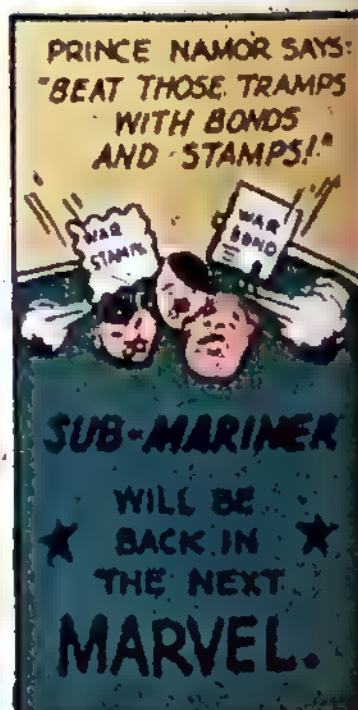
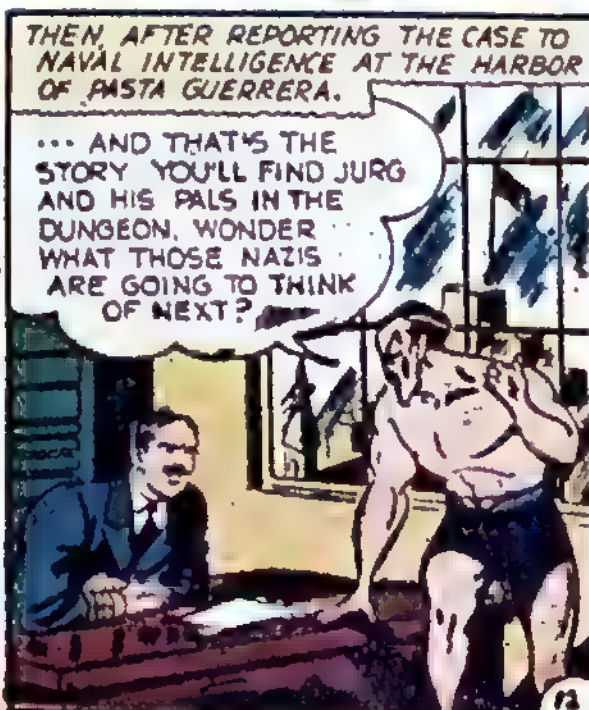
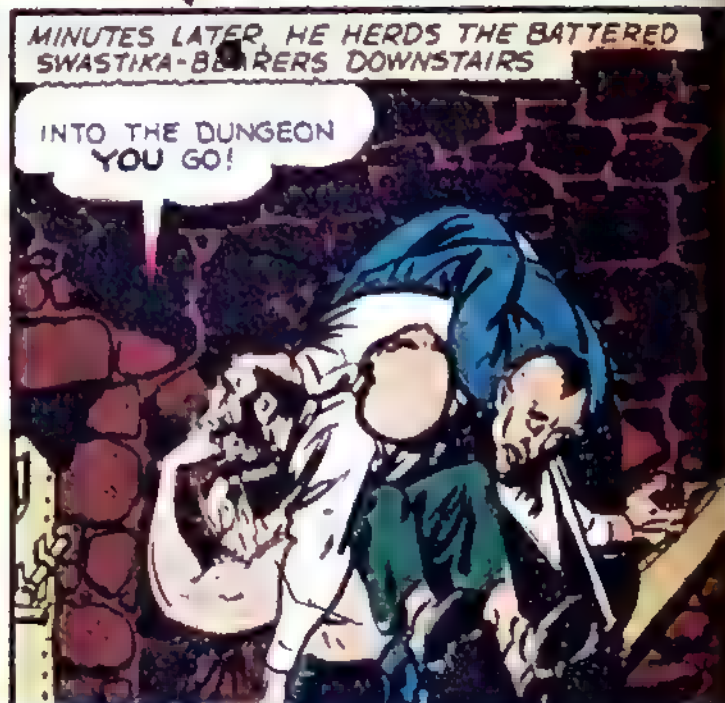
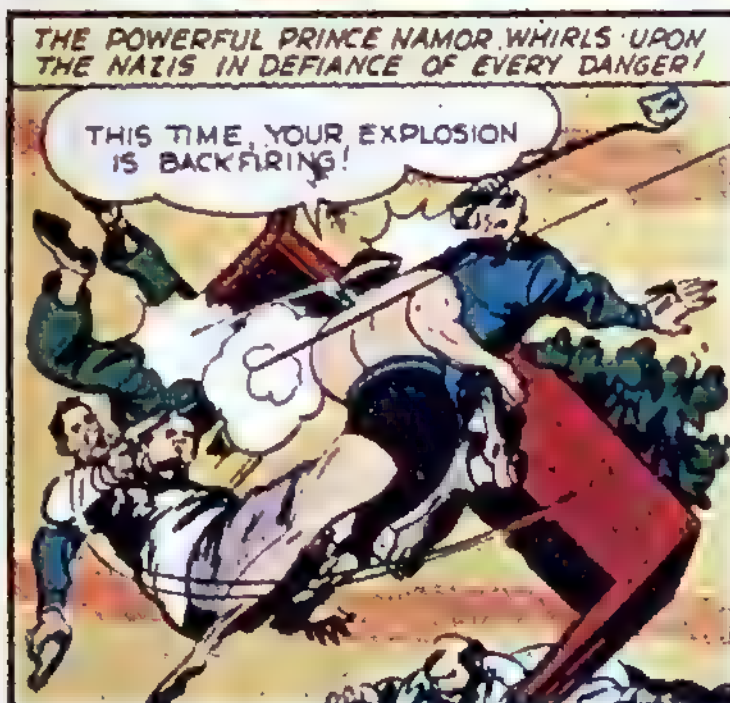
SHE HAS SOME HEAD START,
BUT I MUST CATCH UP WITH
HER BEFORE THOSE
PLANTS GO OFF!

AFTER HOURS OF SWIMMING
AT LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR SEES...

THE FREIGHTER!
IT'S STILL SAFE!







Terry Vance

SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

HOLY SMOKES!

GREAT SCOT!

WHAT TH'!

FIRE!
FIRE!

ACME
TOOL
WORKS

LATE ONE EVENING, TERRY VANCE,
DEADLINE, AND DOCTOR WATSON
ARE PASSING THE TOOL FACTORY,
WHEN...

THIS IS THE THIRD
WAR PLANT FIRE
IN TWO WEEKS!

LOOKS LIKE
SABOTAGE.

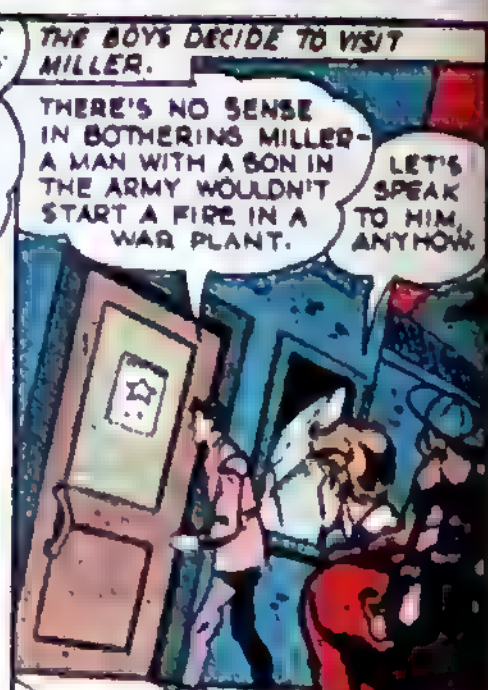
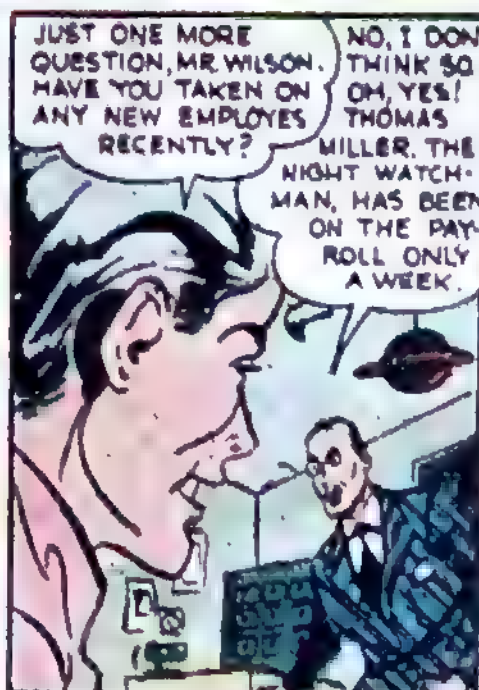
TOO BAD
WE CAN'T
BOTTLE THE
HEAT FOR
NEXT WINTER!

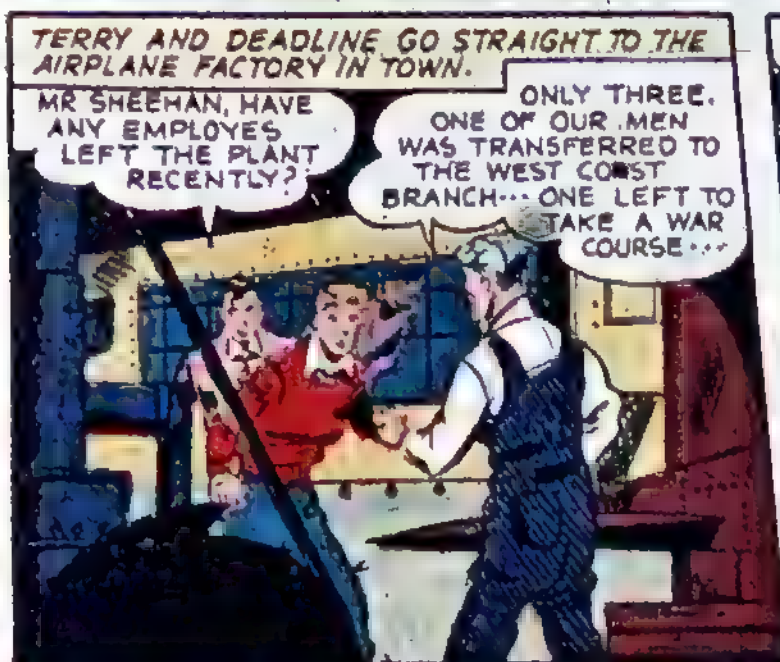
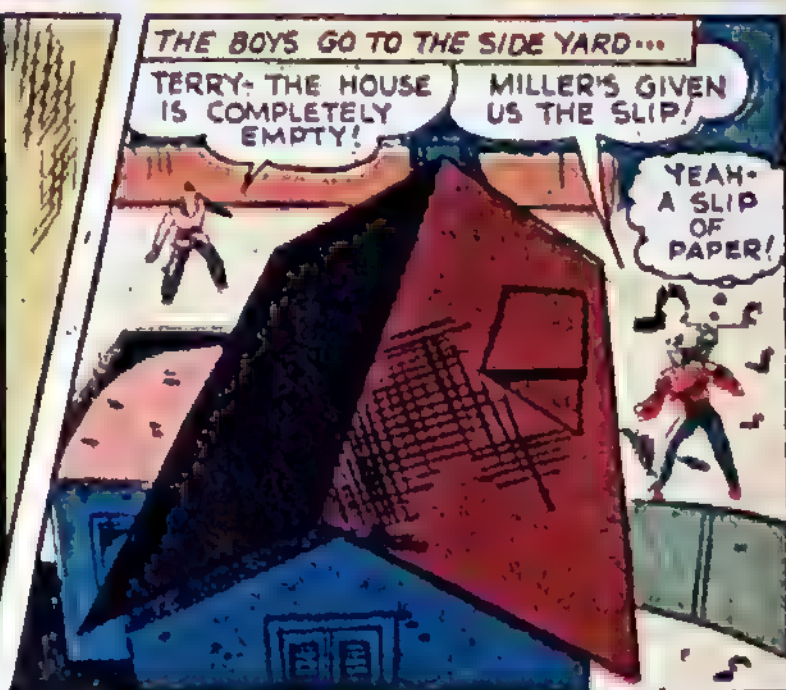
COME TO THE OFFICE
WITH ME, TERRY,
WHILE I WRITE
THE FIRE STORY
FOR OUR
EARLY
EDITION.

OKAY,
DEADLINE.

THAT'S A CORKING
GOOD STORY,
DEADLINE.

I AGREE,
BOSS. AS
A MATTER OF
FACT, I SHOULD
HAVE A RAISE-





THEIR NEXT STOP IS ANOTHER WAR PLANT...

BUT, TERRY, THE EVIDENCE IS ENTIRELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL. IT'S TOO OBVIOUS TO BE OF ANY REAL IMPORTANCE.

JUST THE SAME, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A TALK WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT. COME ON!

INSIDE THE FACTORY...

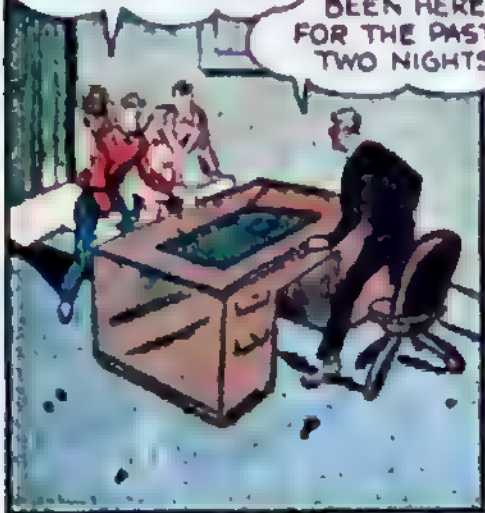
YES, WE HAVE A NEW NIGHT WATCHMAN. OUR OTHER MAN, THOMAS MILLER LEFT AFTER THE FIRE.



AND LATER, BACK AT THE TOOL PLANT...

MR WILSON, MAY WE SPEAK TO THOMAS MILLER?

SORRY, BOYS. TERRY HASN'T BEEN HERE FOR THE PAST TWO NIGHTS.



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WE'RE UP AGAINST A STONE WALL, TERRY. THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF MILLER!

WE'LL NOTIFY THE FBI. AND LET THEM TAKE OVER. HE PROBABLY SKIPPED. HOW ABOUT A SWIM?



THAT WAS WONDERFUL, BUT IT MADE ME SLEEPY.

I'M TIRED, TOO. LET'S TAKE A REST.



THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

GO AWAY... DON'T BOTHER ME!

CHK-CHK!

I WISH I HAD A BAT!

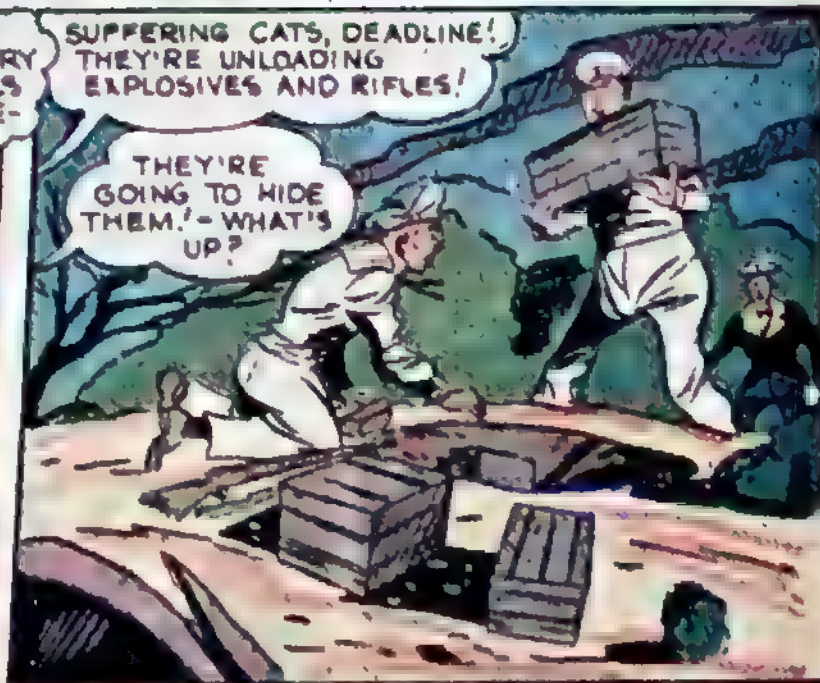
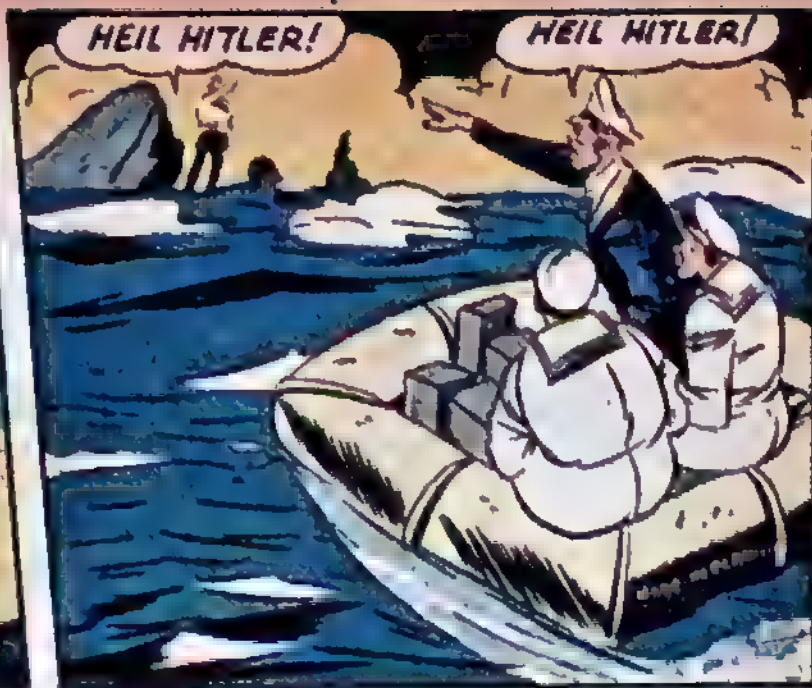


DOCTOR WATSON FINALLY SUCCEEDS IN AROUSING TERRY AND DEADLINE.

IT'S MILLER!

COME ON, TERRY. WE WANT TO TALK TO HIM.



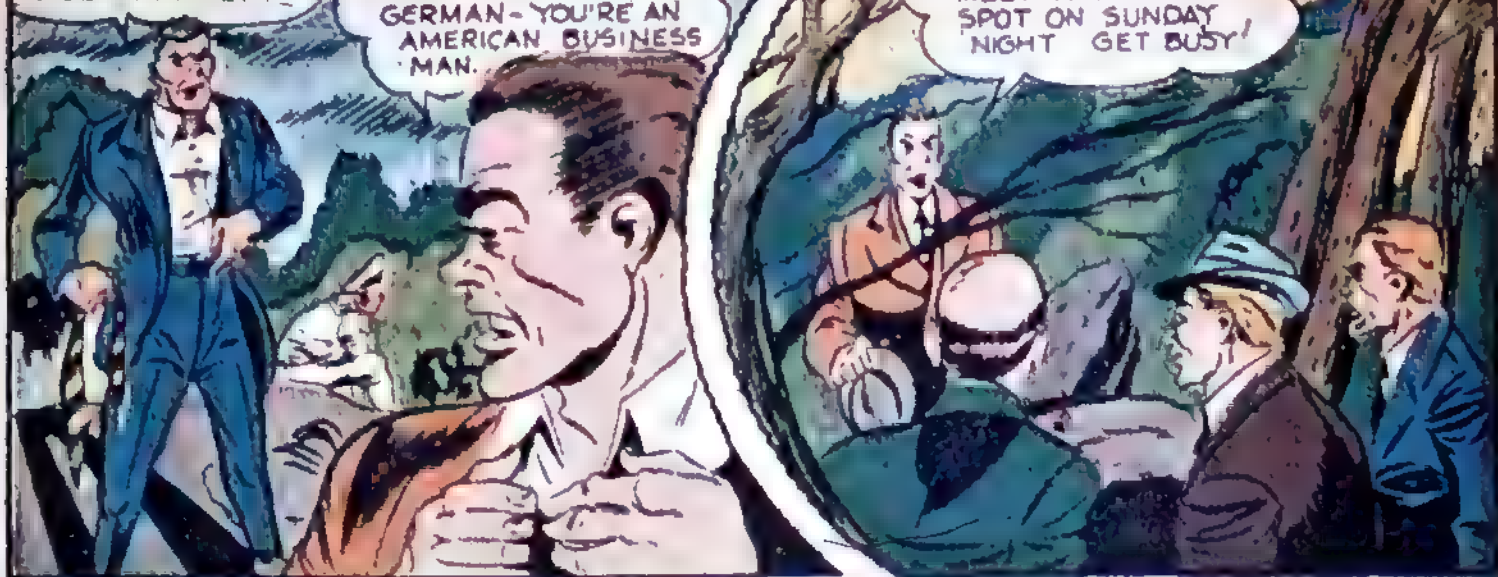


MEANWHILE, THE U-BOAT MEN HAVE BEEN MAKING A HASTY CHANGE OF CLOTHING.

ABER MITMEIN...

FOOL! DON'T SPEAK GERMAN - YOU'RE AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN.

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. WE SHALL MEET IN THIS SAME SPOT ON SUNDAY NIGHT. GET BUSY!



A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE NAZIS DEPART...

WHAT'LL WE DO, NOW?

FIRST, WE'LL DIG UP THE MONEY! THEN, WE'LL REPORT BACK TO THE F.B.I. THIS IS TOO IMPORTANT FOR US TO HANDLE ALONE



TERRY AND DEADLINE TELL THEIR STORY TO INSPECTOR MONGHAN OF THE F.B.I.

ARE YOU SURE?

YES, SIR!



MY GUESS IS THAT THE MEN ARE ESPECIALLY TRAINED SABOTEURS SENT BY BERLIN TO DISRUPT INDUSTRY AND TRANSPORTATION. I THINK MILLER IS THEIR CONTACT MAN.



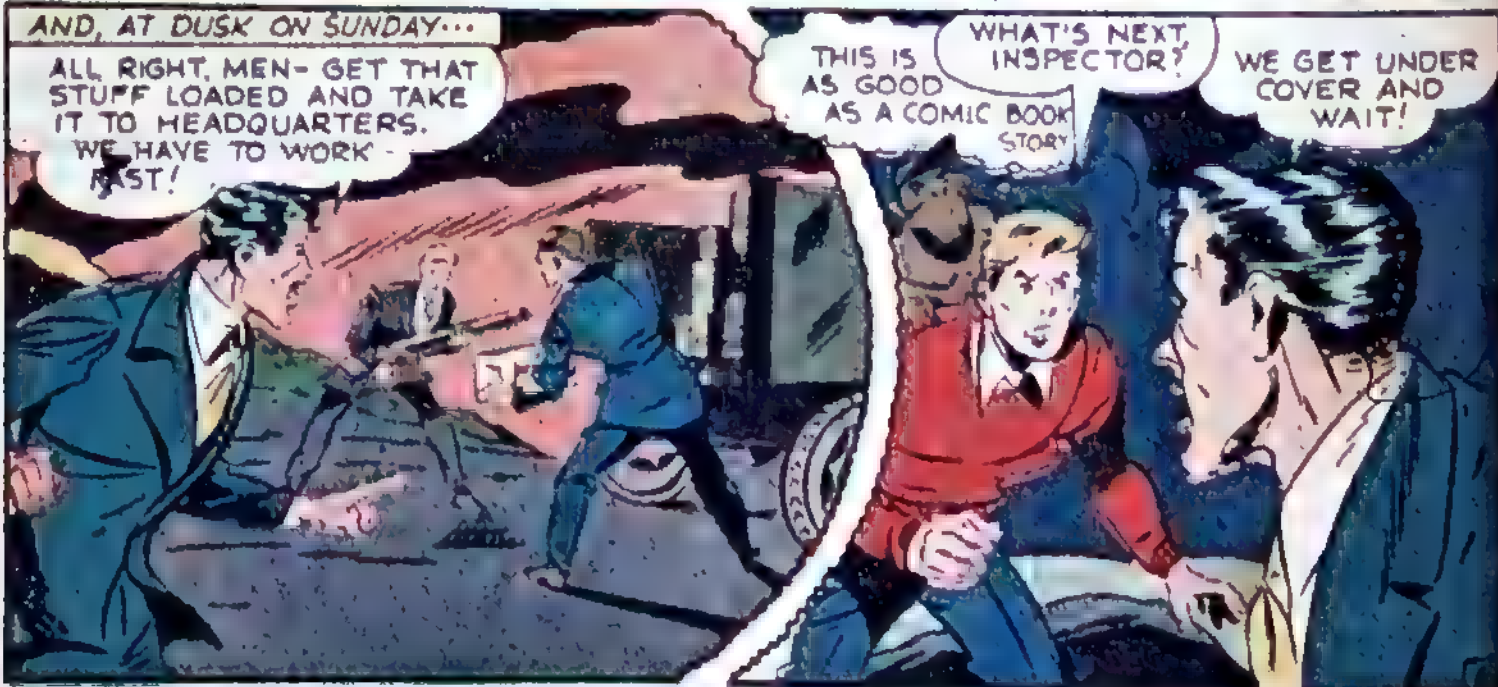
AND, AT DUSK ON SUNDAY...

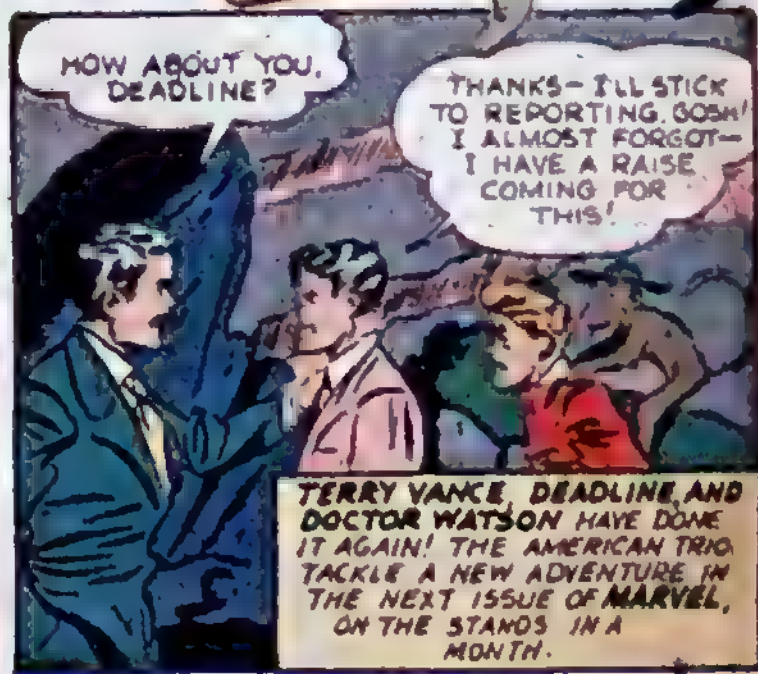
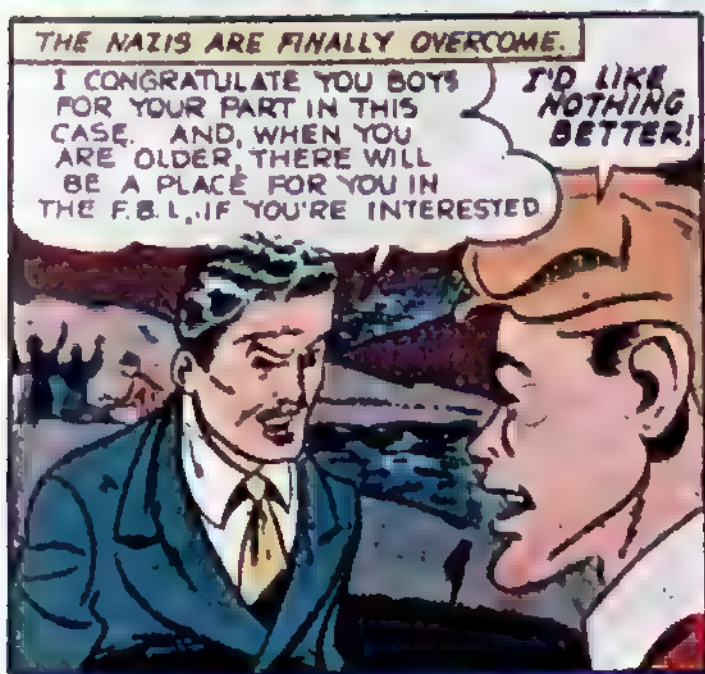
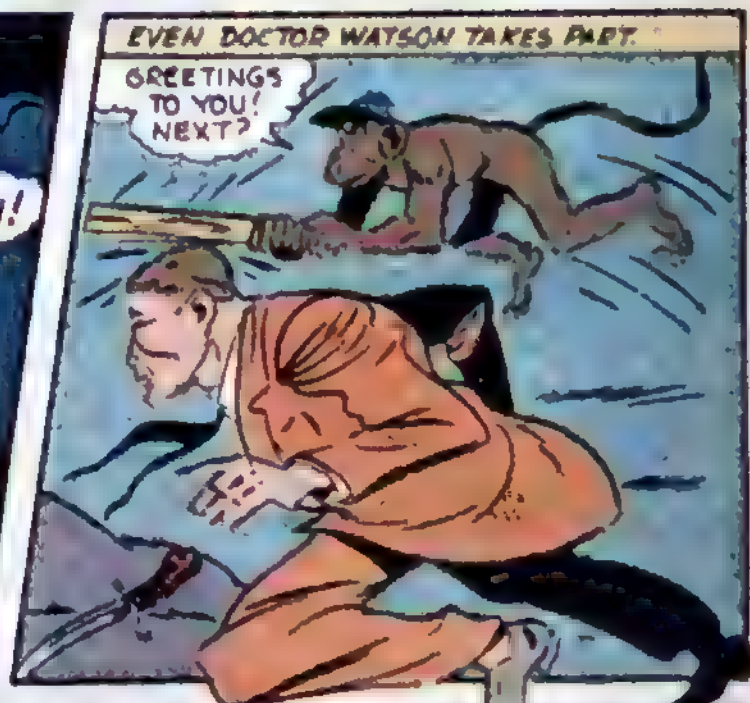
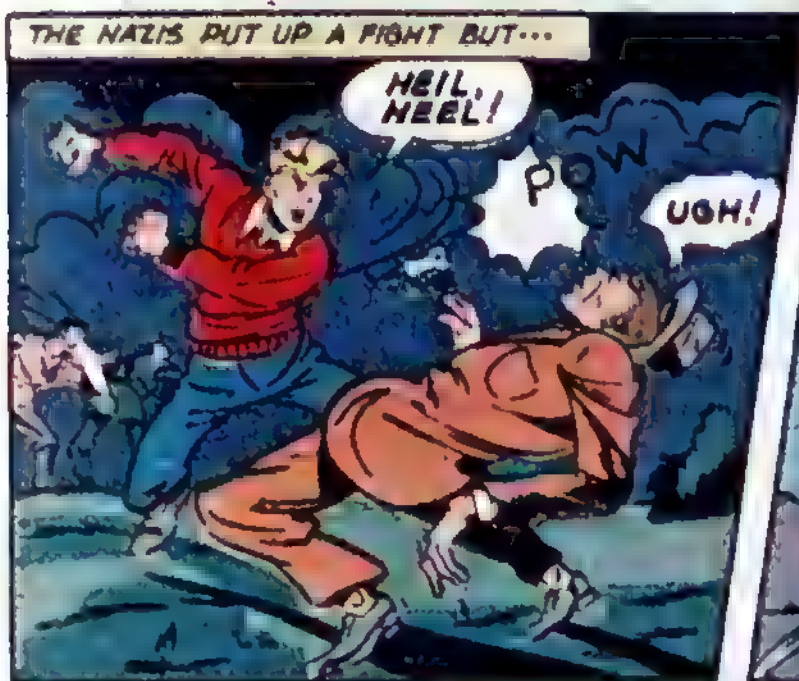
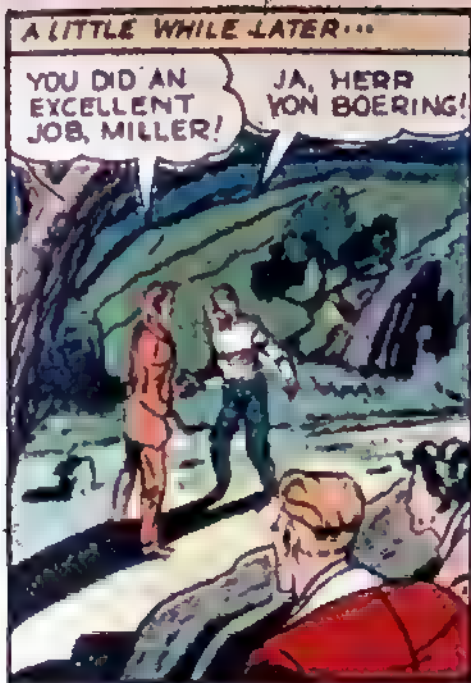
ALL RIGHT, MEN - GET THAT STUFF LOADED AND TAKE IT TO HEADQUARTERS. WE HAVE TO WORK FAST!

THIS IS AS GOOD AS A COMIC BOOK STORY

WHAT'S NEXT, INSPECTOR?

WE GET UNDER COVER AND WAIT!





THE LAST IN OUT

"HIT THE GRIT, bum! Hit the grit!"

Dan saw the up-raised hand and knew he didn't stand a chance. He'd never hopped a train like this before. It was his initial attempt, and a poor one, at that. The burly figure swung down the ladder and next instant Dan hit the grit!

As he came to a groggy stop at the foot of the embankment in the weeds and bushes, Dan decided that it wouldn't happen again. Slowly, cautiously he flexed bruised arms and legs. Nothing seemed broken.

"How d'you like that!" A heavy figure followed the voice out of the woods. "Is that any way to shake a rattler?"

Dan got cautiously up. "Darned if I know, I'm sure it wasn't the right way."

"What you need is a lesson—"

"No, thanks!" Dan dusted cinders from his clothes. His feet hurt, his arms hurt, skin was gone from his shoulder and jaw.

The big stranger chuckled. "You'll learn in time. Where y'bound?"

"City." Dan admitted shortly. He thought of the long trip, how uncomfortable it had been riding. His eyes felt puffed and sore from gravel and dust, his only pair of pants were ripped right where they shouldn't be. Maybe he should have stayed home, after all. "Guess I can hoof it from here," Dan muttered. "Try and get some sleep first—"

"Come along," the big man

commanded. "You'll get some sleep and grub. I'll take care of that."

Later, at the "camp," Dan ate a concoction of meat and vegetables rolled into one. It wasn't stew, not the kind he'd eaten. It could have passed for anything, and right then Dan wasn't particular. He ate it and thought of his room at home and wondered why he hadn't waited till he'd scraped up bus fare.

Sam was a big guy. Dan half dozed later and listened to them whispering together, Sam and his pal, Spike. Their clothes were shabby, dirty.

Later Sam shuffled over and dropped down beside Dan. "Kind of got the dirty end of it, huh? Been on the road long?"

Dan hesitated, feeling sleepy and comfortable and at the same time leery. "About as long as I'm going to be," he announced finally. "There must be easier ways of traveling, or at least of getting kicked off."

Sam rolled a cigarette from scrappings in the bottom of his pocket. It was full of lint and fuzz. "Plenty of us on our uppers nowadays," Sam growled, licking the flap of paper and rolling the cigarette shut. "Spike and I know what it's like."

"I suppose you're used to it."

Sam got a light from a smoldering twig. "Sure," he said. "We're old timers. But one of these days Spike and me are gonna clean up. In fact that

day's about here. We're kinda thinking, kid—" Sam paused.

DAN FELT his heart thicken. He listened to the lonesome sound of the wind in the bushes around them. They intended to clean up. But how

Sam said, "Suppose you could use a couple of bucks?"

Dan said cautiously, "Guess so. What's up?"

Sam answered indirectly, "We're business men, huh, Spike?"

Spike nodded but didn't speak. Dan peered toward him through the thickening gloom, realizing that Spike might be suspicious. He looked sour and disapproving.

But what could their "business" be? Dan tried not to think. He wished they'd go to wherever they slept and let him do the same. Tomorrow, when he found out what they were doing

Sam said, "Yep. We're business men now. After all these years of getting kicked around."

"How about the draft? How'd you miss that?"

Sam chuckled. "Easy. Just didn't report. We—move around a good deal, kid." Sam snapped a stone into the brush. "We'll be moving again in a couple of days. Only not on rods like we used to. This time we'll be inside. Taking it easy, hey Spike?"

"Guess so," Spike admitted.

Sam said, "Rest up, kid. We'll talk business tomorrow!"

IN THE MORNING Dan didn't like it any better. These two were going to do something wrong and Dan decided that he didn't want any part of it. The smell of the bottom land, heavy with dew, reminded him of home. Sam got the wood fire going. The smell of coffee mingling with the smoke carried Dan back sharply to other days.

Sam came over after breakfast to say, "I'll be gone a spell, kid. You stay right here with Spike. He'll know what to do if anything happens."

It was chilly and Dan hung around the fire, keeping warm. Later the sun came up and the smell from the woods was warm and fragrant with young birch. Spike flopped down on the ground. He smoked and asked cautious questions, and Dan knew Spike didn't like the idea of having him along. Dan wished that he hadn't stayed. But something kept him now. He cautiously answered Spike's inquiries. Spike was smart, probably the brains back of whatever scheme they had cooked up.

Finally, he seemed satisfied. He dozed off and Dan sat there nursing the fire with twigs and bits of branches. Once in a while he heard the sound of a train in the distance. He could tell the difference between the slow-moving freights and the faster limiteds that roared by along the gully and away into the distance. Dan wished he was on one of them, headed for the city, where a guy, a young guy, had a chance of finding something. He hated to think of the folks back home. They'd be worried stiff for a while—

Sam came back, Spike woke up and they went into a conference. Dan heard Sam say everything was fixed, and that they'd do their stuff tonight.

Dan knew they were going to pull something crooked and wished more than ever that he'd beat it. It would be an easy matter to slip away, especially now that it was dark. Spike and Sam were ahead along the trail. The bundle Dan was lugging was heavy as blazes. It would be easy to put it down and step off into the dark.

The sound of a train coughing up grade came to Dan. Then

it stopped with a gradual sigh and when Dan crept up to the lip of the gully he saw the train sprawled out below along the siding. Away in the distance came the sound of another train, a faster one. But this was the one Sam and Spike were interested in—

"Okay, kid," Sam snapped. "Follow me. Step on it!"

Dan tumbled down the bank. He saw Sam dart forward, saw him working feverishly with a jimmy at the door of a box car.

THE GROUND BEGAN to shake with the thunder of the approaching train. The doorlock snapped and Sam strained to thrust the door open. He clawed his way inside, turned to show a blotch of a face.

"Gimme the stuff!" Sam rasped. "Phew! This place stinks. Medicine—"

Dan gripped the make-shift handle of his bag with sweating hands. Whatever it was, explosives maybe.

"Gimme it!" Sam snarled, leaning out. "For Pete's sake—"

From the bank above them came the sound of a brief, shrill whistle. It was a signal. Sam twisted his ugly head to stare down the gully.

"Spikel!" Sam snarled. "Guard coming! Theck with 'em! Blow this rattler sky high! Gimme that stuff. Here—"

Dan came erect, lifting the bundle. He was dazed, shaking. Sam leaned down, grabbed it and disappeared—

Dan leaped forward, catching at the corner of the heavy door, flinging his weight against it. It rolled and he snatched up the jimmy and got the lock back into place, battered it into its socket. It wouldn't stop anyone from outside, but from inside—

Sam wouldn't dare blow it up! Dan hurled himself up the bank and along the lip—

Spike showed up before him

and Dan hit home hard. Spike swore and went tumbling end over end. He came erect and met Dan as he charged. Spike fought silently, craftily, as Dan had known he would. Dan had the advantage and struggled to keep it. They twisted free out on the lip and Dan saw Spike's face before him, a dirty white smudge against the black of the night. Dan drove his fist into it with everything he had. Spike went spinning over the lip, dislodging a veritable avalanche as he went.

With Spike carefully bound, Dan marched back into the village. It was further than he'd expected. He was surrounded by a mob, out of which presently emerged the sheriff. Later they were in a dinky office. The sheriff faced them, questioning Dan, who told what had happened.

"Y'gotta get word to the railroad people somehow!" Dan chattered. "Sam's got the explosives. He'll blow it up!"

"Take it easy," the sheriff said. He went away to the phone and later returned, he was grinning. "Everything'll be all right, son. They won't have any trouble with Sam when they stop to take him off. He'll be stiff—"

"What're you talking about?" Dan chattered, wiping dusty sweat from his forehead. "The explosives—"

"Sam was trying to blow the train up," the sheriff admitted. "You're in the clear. But Sam—well, that car you locked him in. He said it stunk of medicine. It was medicine! Sam picked a car loaded with cyanide of potassium! No matter how you pack that stuff, in a confined space like the box car, there's enough fumes to knock a guy cold. It'll be a sure cure for Sam!"

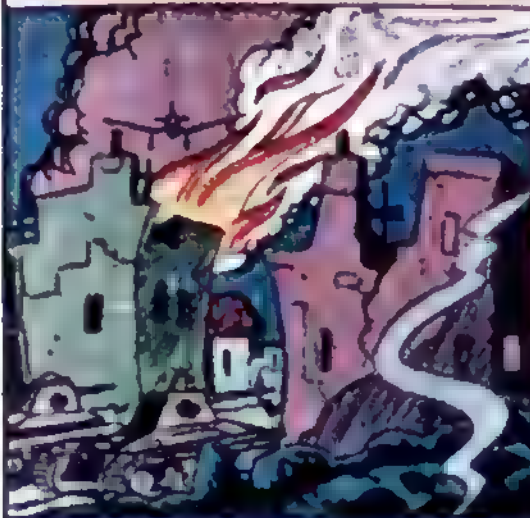
The End.

THE... VISION

FROM THE DARK REALM
OF THE UNKNOWN MATERIAL-
IZES THE VISION TO BRING
BITTER VENGEANCE UPON
THE CRUEL NAZIS WHO TRY
TO DESTROY THE CHERISHED
DREAM OF LIBERTY!



THIS IS A TALE OF INDESCRIBABLE HORROR ABOUT A TRIBE OF MEN, WHO CALLED THEMSELVES 'NAZIS', BUT WHO, IN REALITY, ARE SATAN'S HENCHMEN ON EARTH, ADVANCING UPON WARSAW, CAPITOL OF POLAND...



THREE MONTHS OF SEIGE AND WARSAW IS OVER RUN... POLAND FALLS!



AT CASTLE PAYLEK TEN MILES FROM WARSAW...



SEE THAT NO ONE ESCAPES FROM THE CASTLE!

INSIDE THE HUGE STONE EDIFICE, BARON AND BARONESS PAYLEK WATCH THE TROOPERS ADVANCING WITH HORROR...



WE ARE DOOMED, DEAREST, THEY COME NOW!

OH! THEY APPEAR SO FAST WE COULD NOT ESCAPE!



OH JOHN... KILL ME NOW!

NO! PERHAPS THERE IS YET A CHANCE!

THE DOOR IS THROWN OPEN...

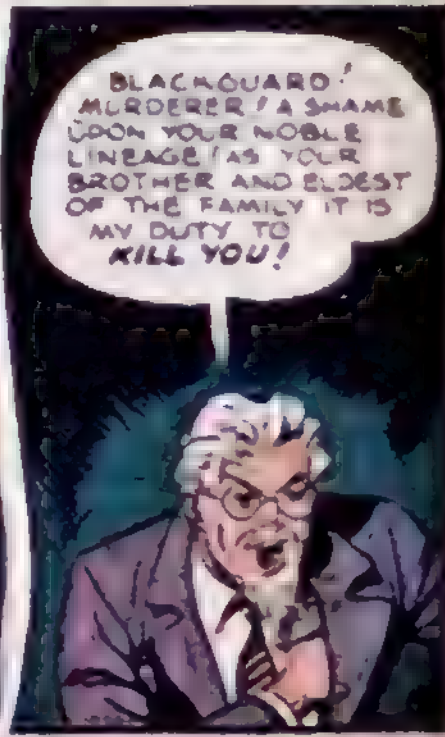


HEIL HITLER BROTHER!

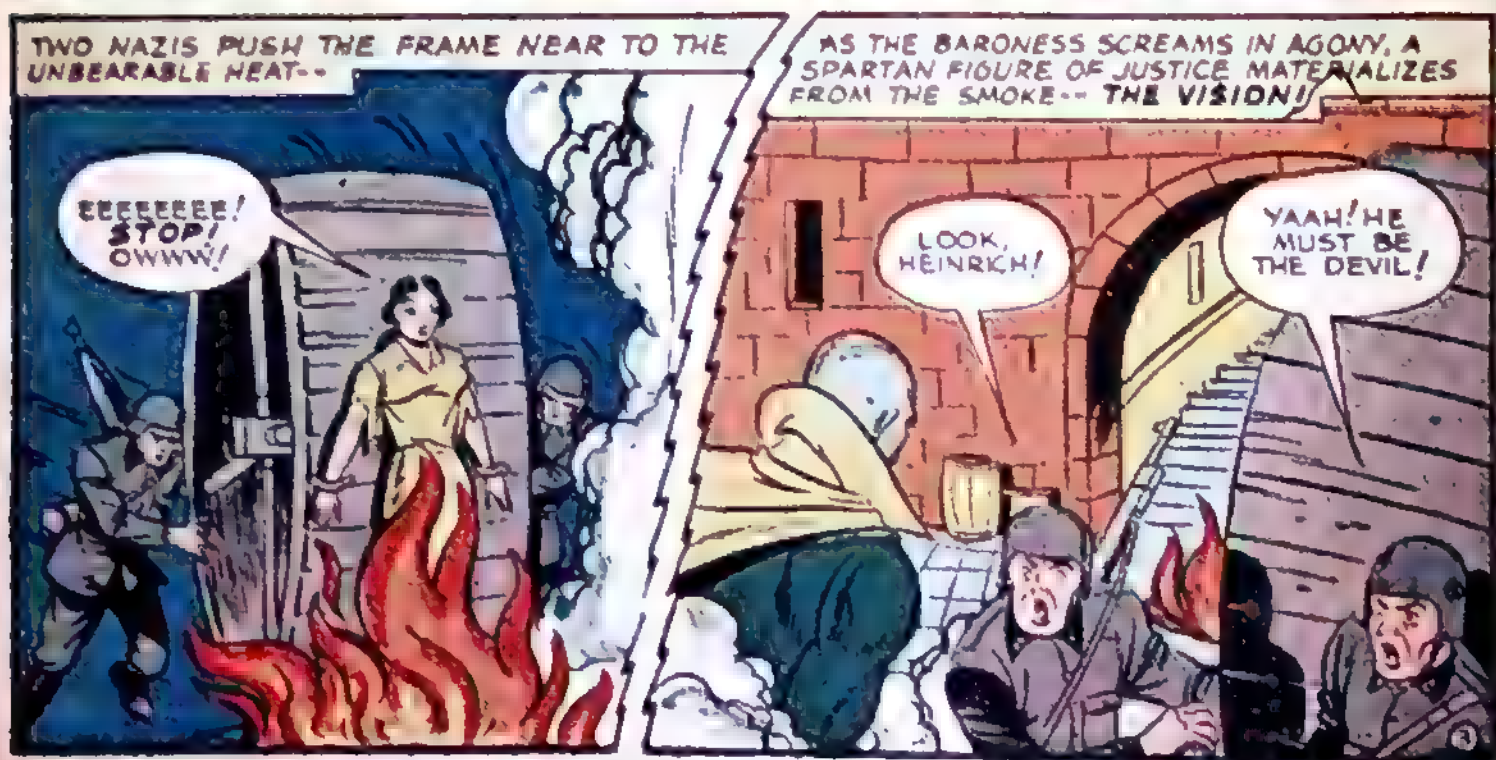


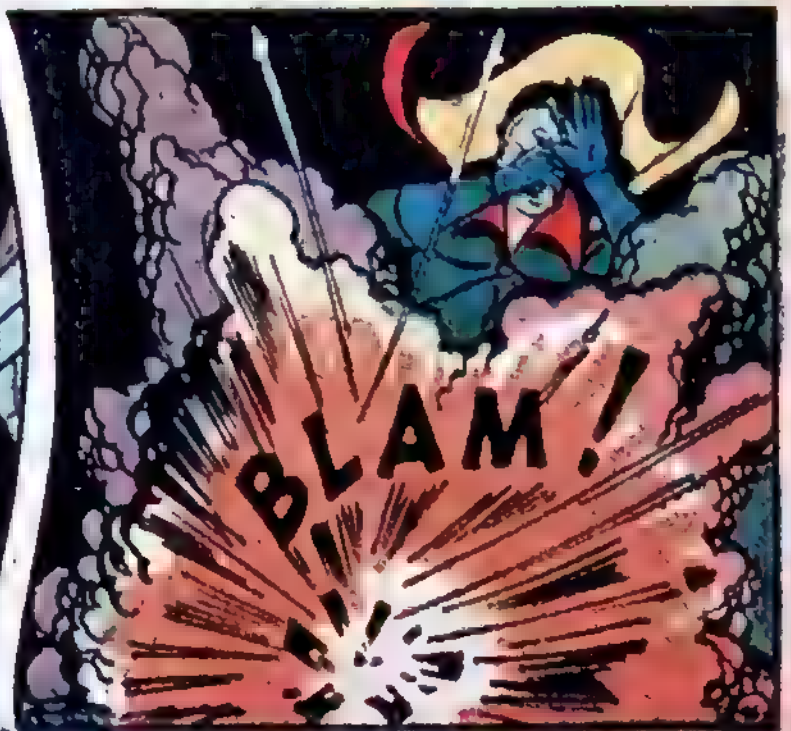
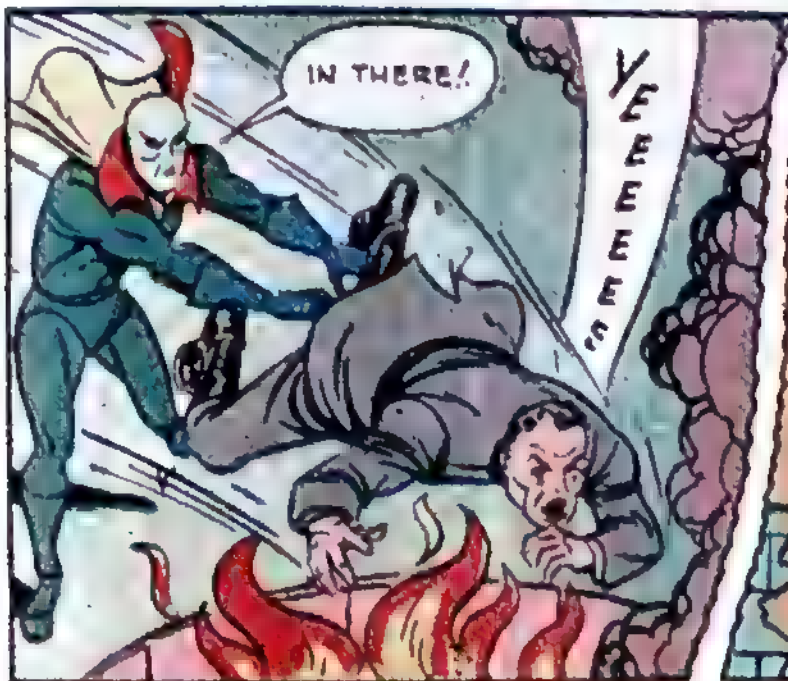
FELIX! FELIX PAYLEK, MY BROTHER... A NAZI!

YES!

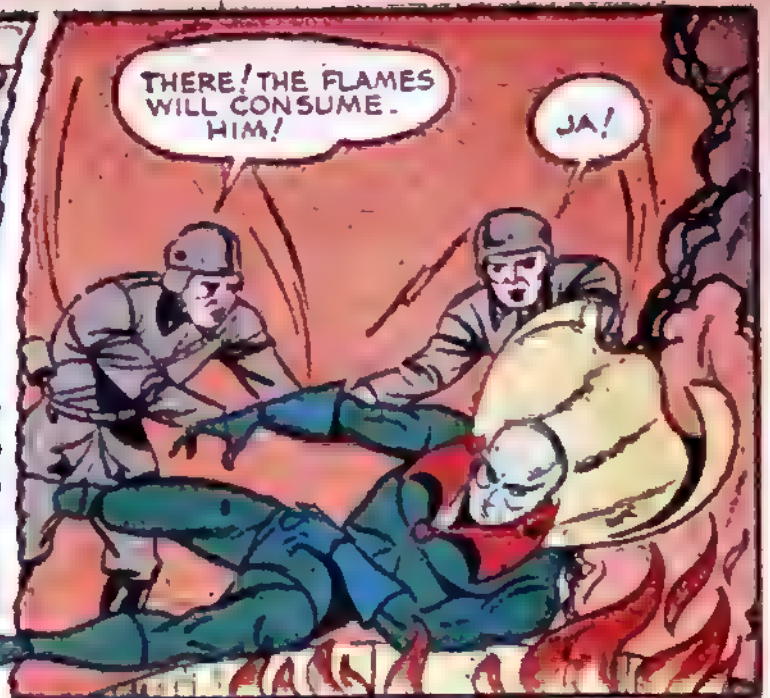
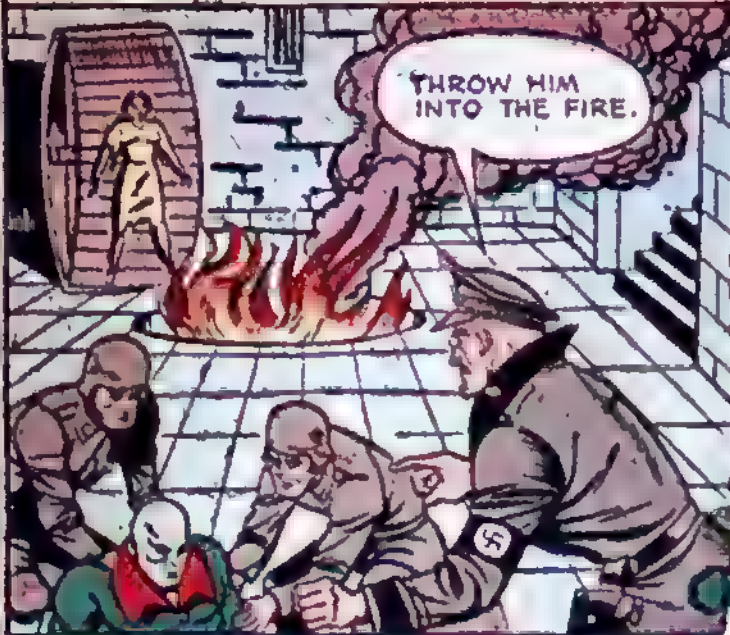


BLACKGUARD! MURDERER! A SHAME UPON YOUR NOBLE LINEAGE! AS YOUR BROTHER AND ELDEST OF THE FAMILY IT IS MY DUTY TO KILL YOU!

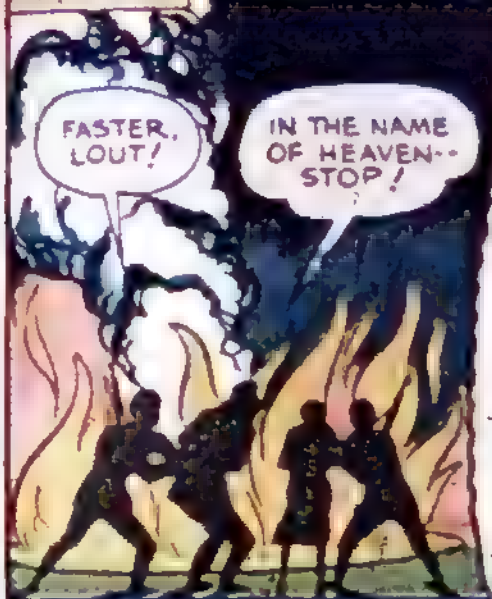




THE SUDDEN CONCUSSION KNOCKS VISION 'OUT'!



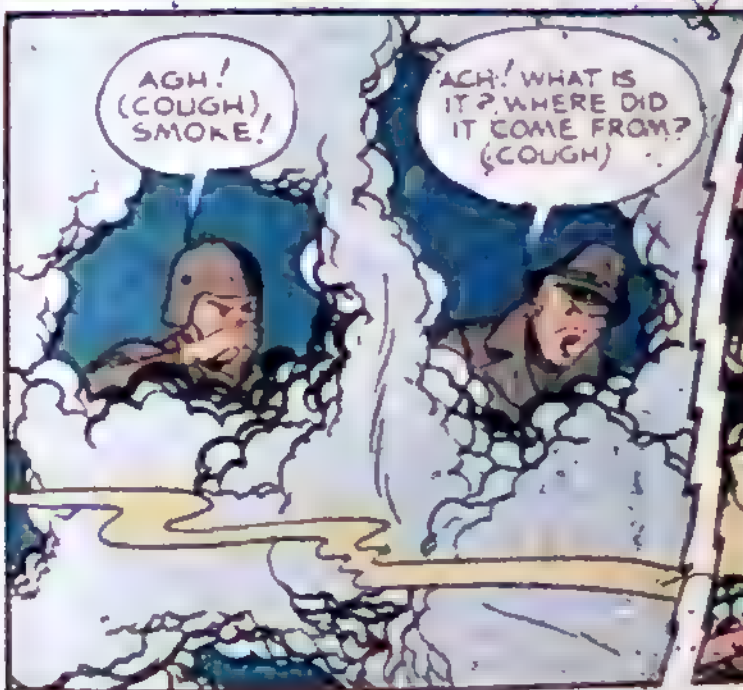
THE FANATIC SOLDIERS LEAD THEM TO THE BRINK OF THE FLAMES...



BEHIND A PROTECTIVE CURTAIN OF SMOKE, A GRIM FIGURE WATCHES THE INCARNATE SCENE...



A HUGE VOLUME OF DENSE SMOKE EMERGES FROM THE VISION'S BODY...



THE VISION APPEARS AT THE SIDE OF THE BARON AND BARONESS...



THE VISION LEADS THEM SAFELY OUT OF THE SMOKE...



MEANWHILE...

HERR KAPITAN,
GET US OUT!

(COUGH) FIND
YOUR OWN WAY,
FOOLS (COUGH)

UH-WHO'S
THIS? (COUGH)

YOUR CORPORAL,
MEIN KAPITAN...
I HAVE COME TO
LEAD YOU TO
SAFETY!

THE SOLDIERS LINE UP AND FOLLOW
THE VISION...

THAT'S IT...THIS
WAY AND YOU'LL
BE OUT OF THE
SMOKE!

HURRY,
VERDAMMT!
(COUGH)

THE WILY VISION LEADS THE NAZI TROOPERS
TO THE FIRE PIT!

NOW
RUN!

JA-
RUN!

HELP/WE'VE
BEEN TRICKED-
YAHHHH!

IT WAS DER
VISION...HE LEAD
US INTO THE FIRE!
YIEEEEE!

AGHHHH!

TO YOUR
EARTHLY
DEATHS,
FOOLS!

OUTSIDE TWO FRIGHTENED FIGURES
BREATHE FREE AIR ONCE MORE!

SOME DAY WE'LL
RETURN, WALTER,
AND WITH OUR
RETURNING WILL
RISE A NEW GREAT
AND UNCONQUERABLE
POLAND!

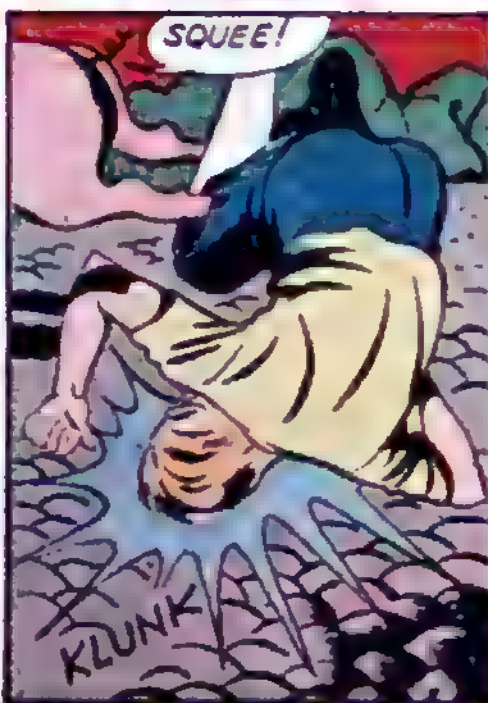
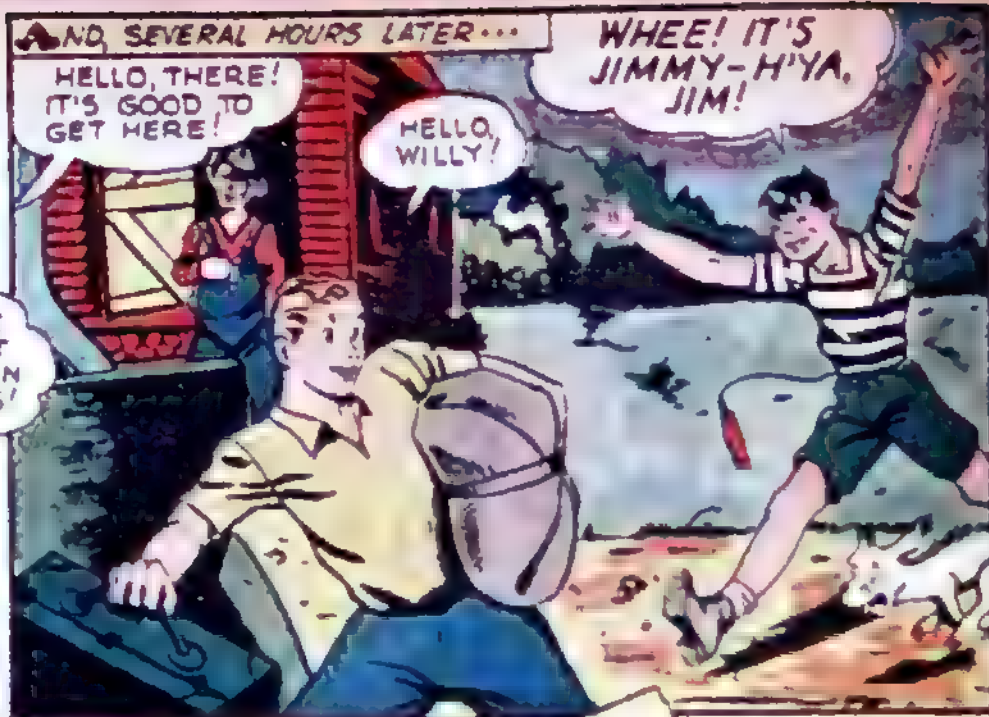
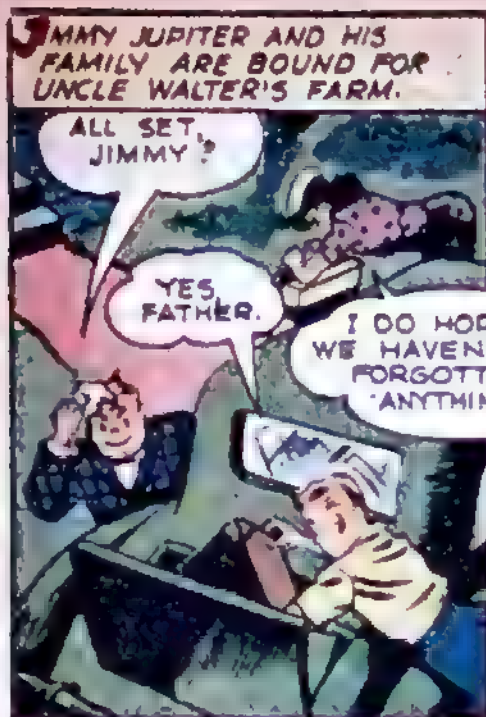
YES!
THANKS
TO THE
VISION!

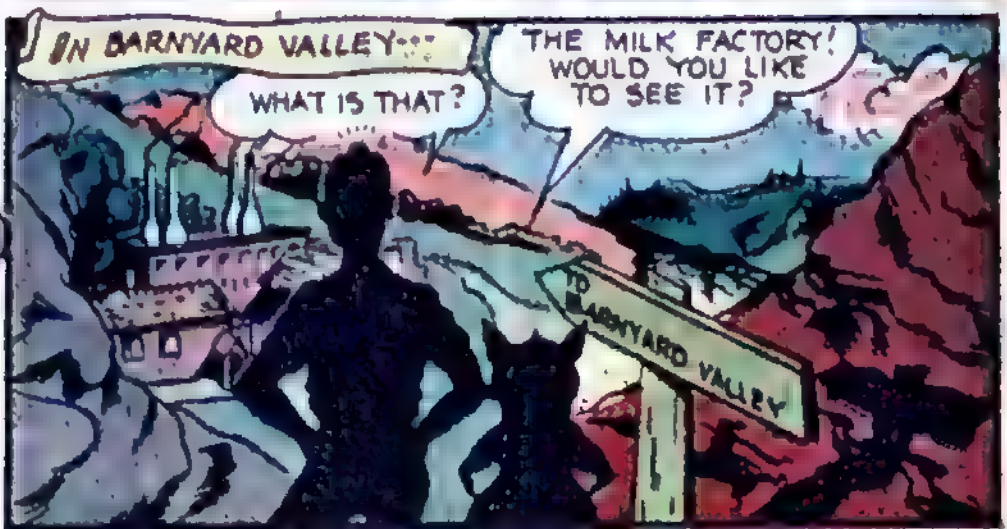
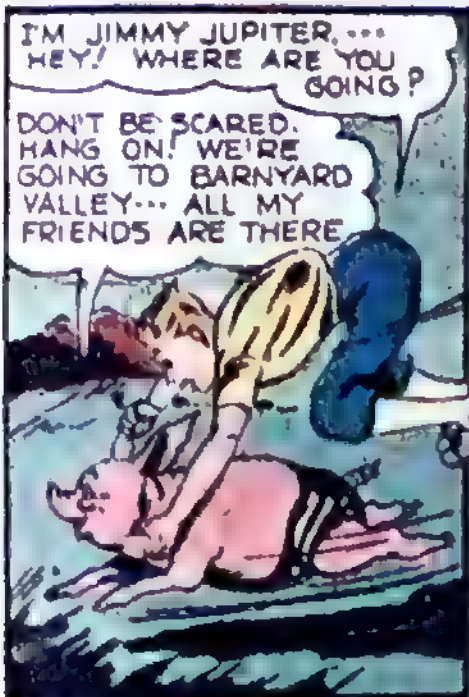
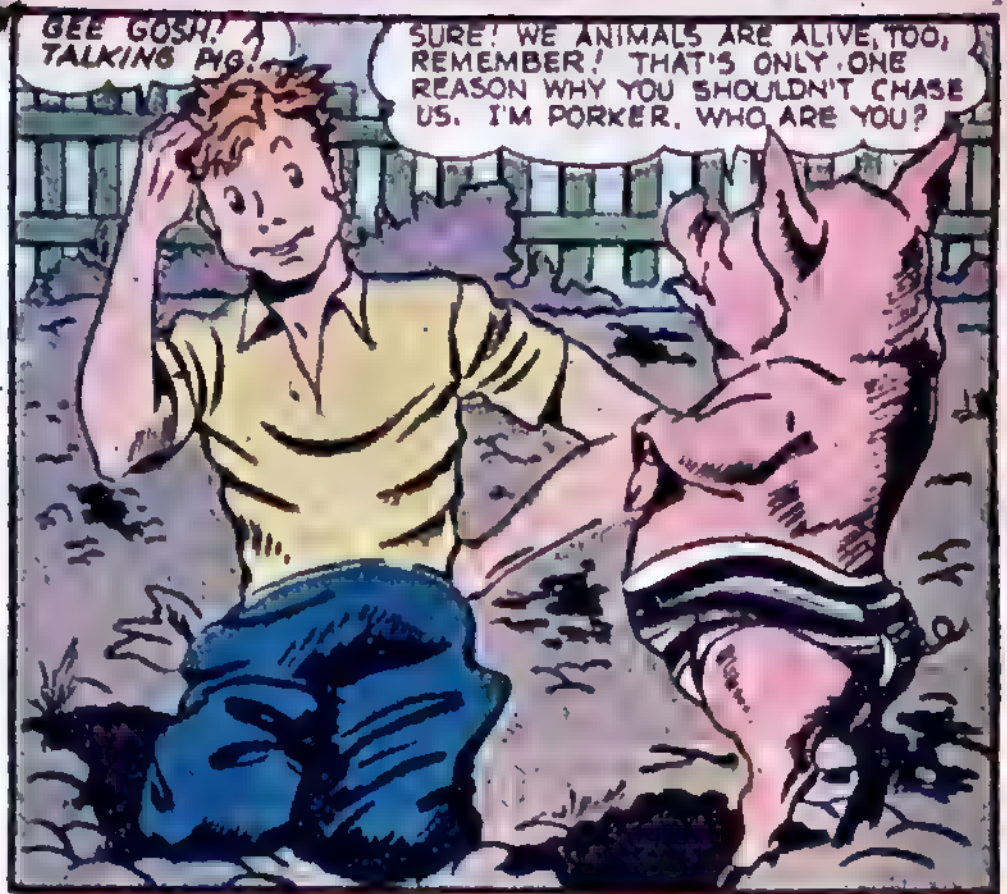
OUT OF THE
FIRE OF
FREEDOM
THAT BURNS
BRIGHTLY
IN EVERY
MAN'S HEART,
THE VISION
FIGURE OF
RIGHT AND
GOOD RISES
TO CONQUER!

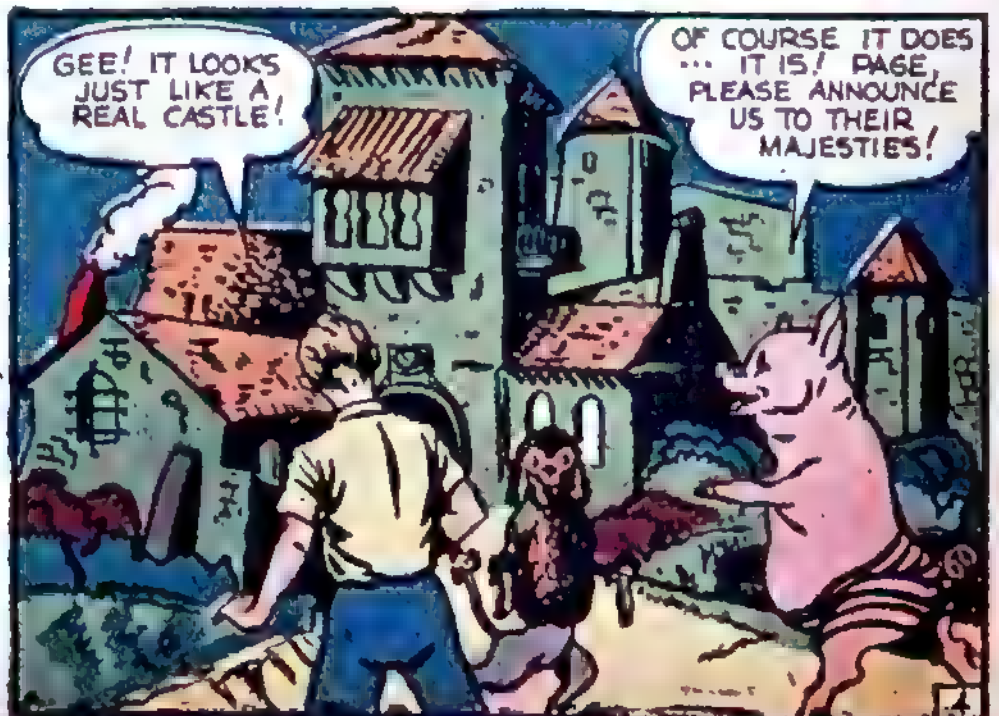
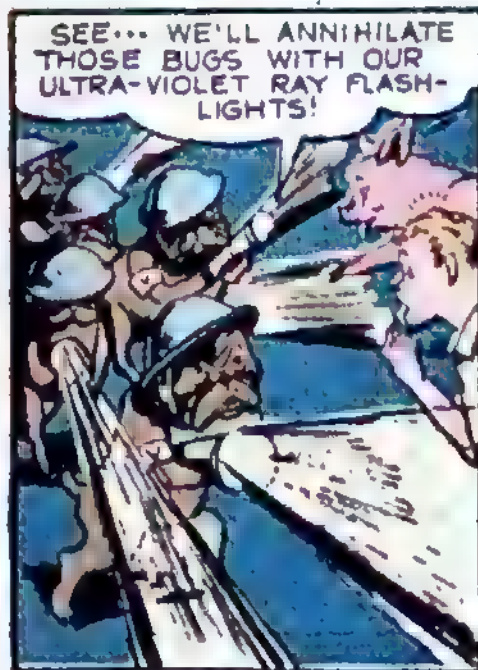
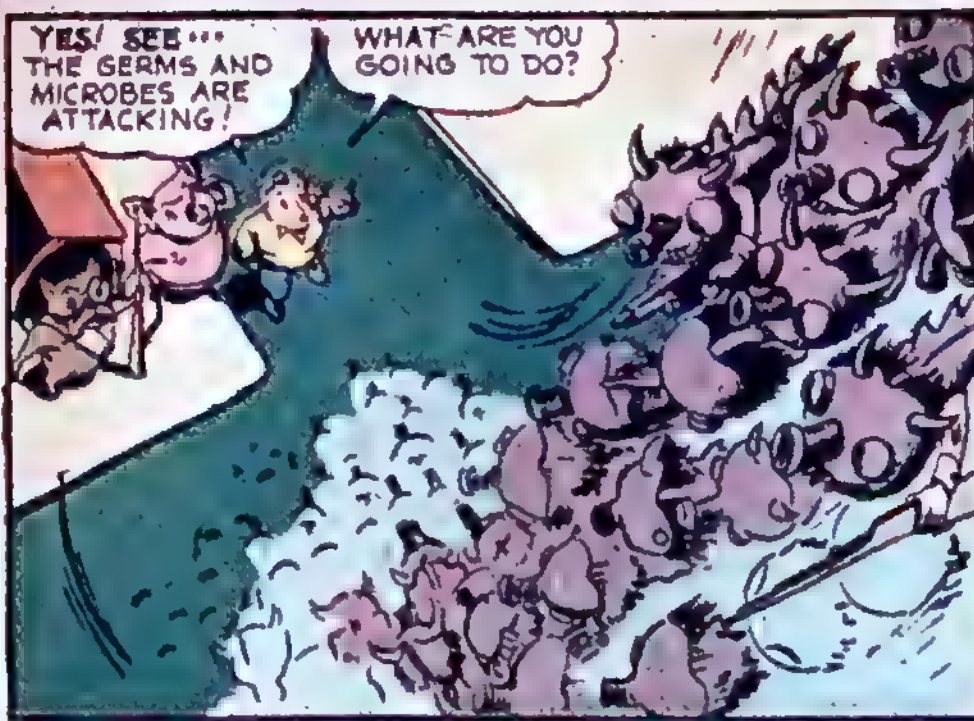


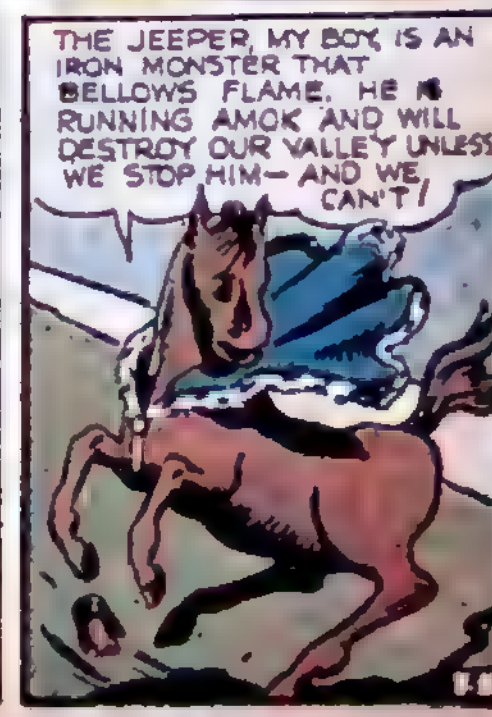
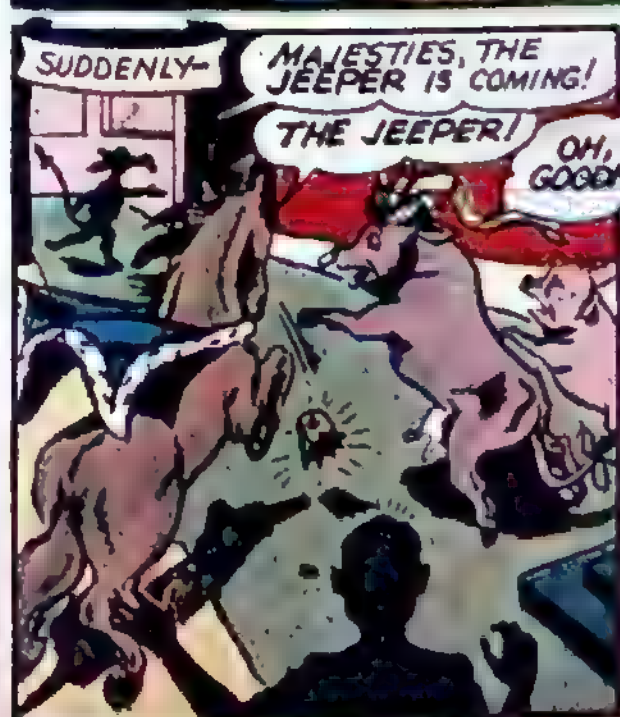
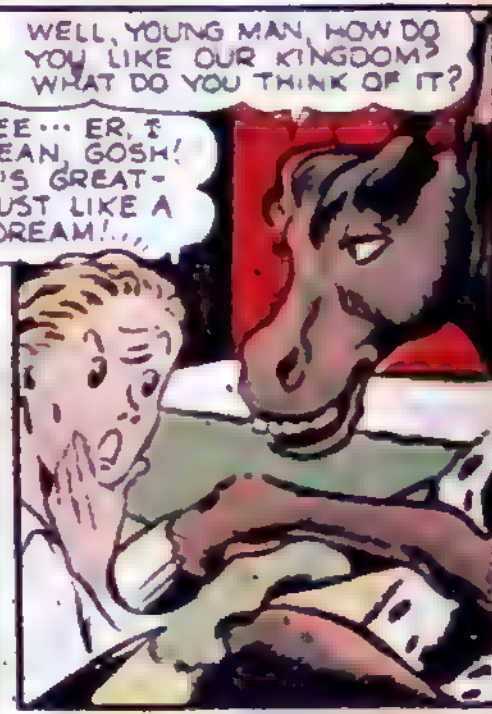
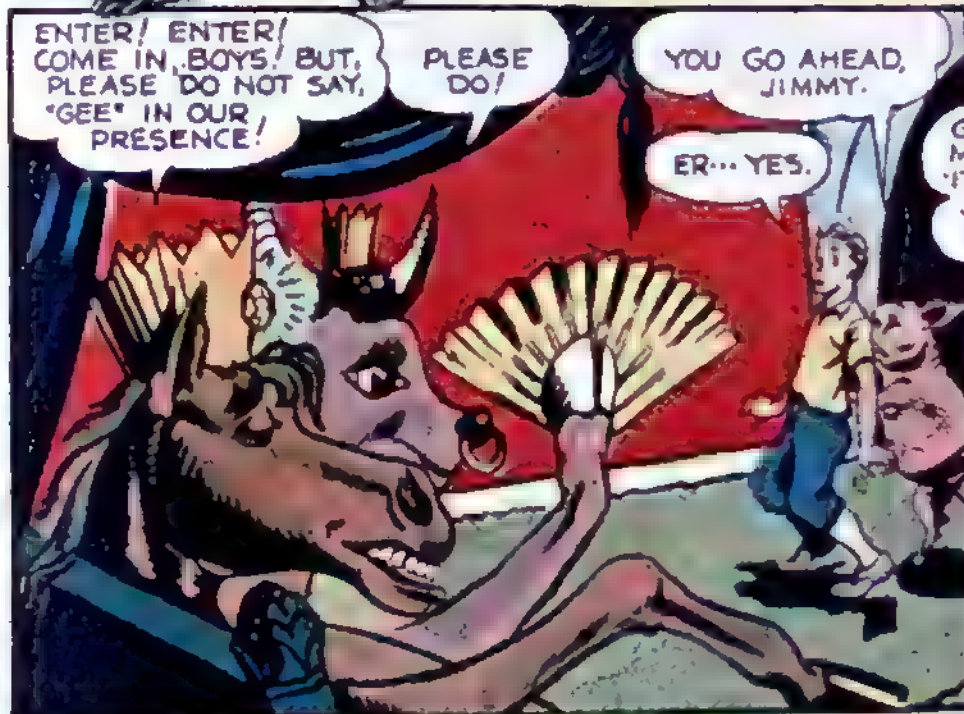
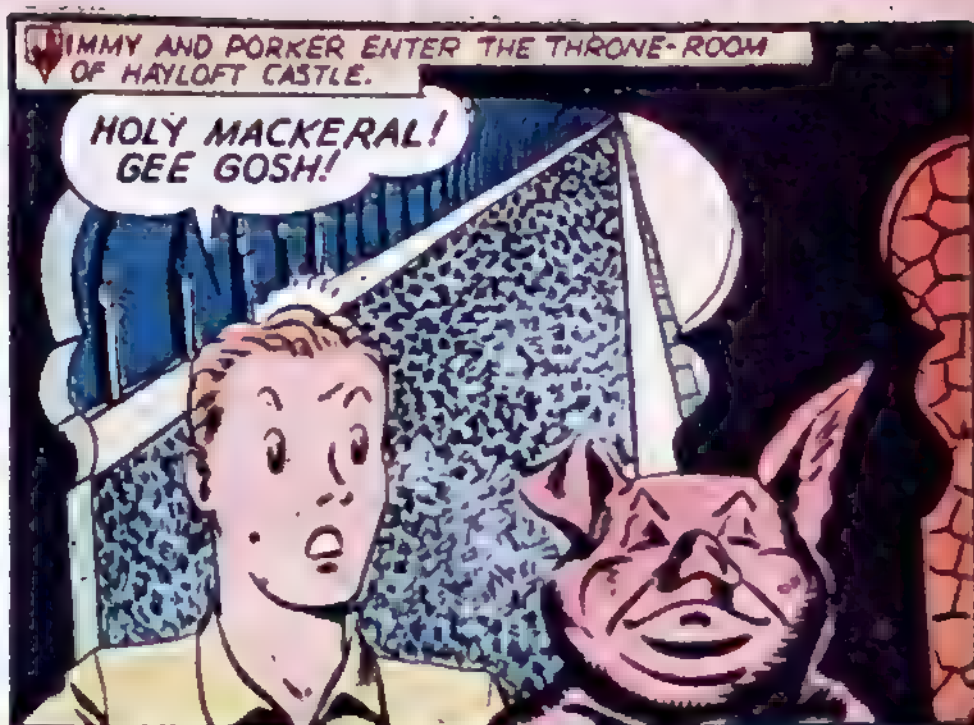
JIMMY JUPITER FINDS
ODD ADVENTURE IN A
LAND NEVER SEEN BY ANY-
ONE ELSE - WHERE DOBBIN
IS KING AND BOSSIE IS
QUEEN OF BARNYARD VALLEY!

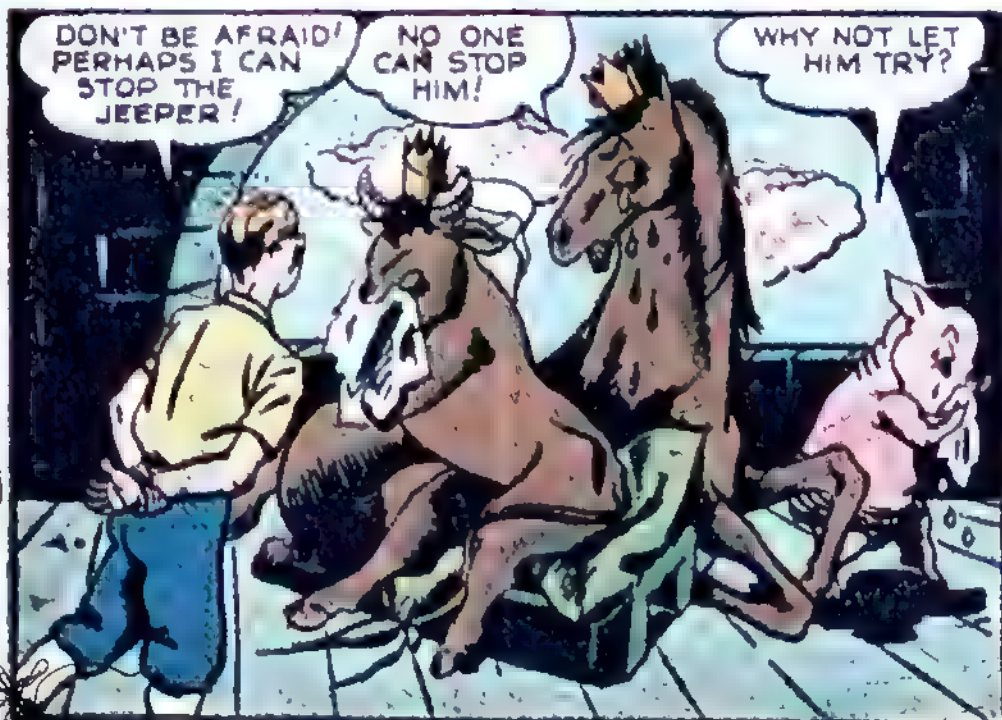
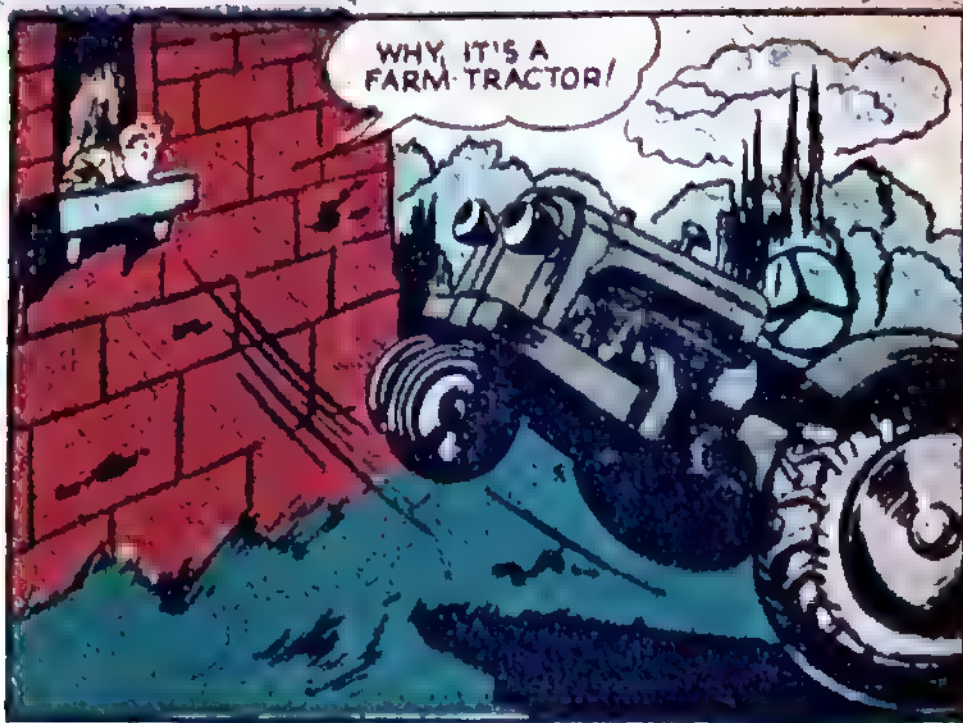
by
Hett













HEY! COME
BACK HERE,
YOU RUNAWAY
TIN HORSE!

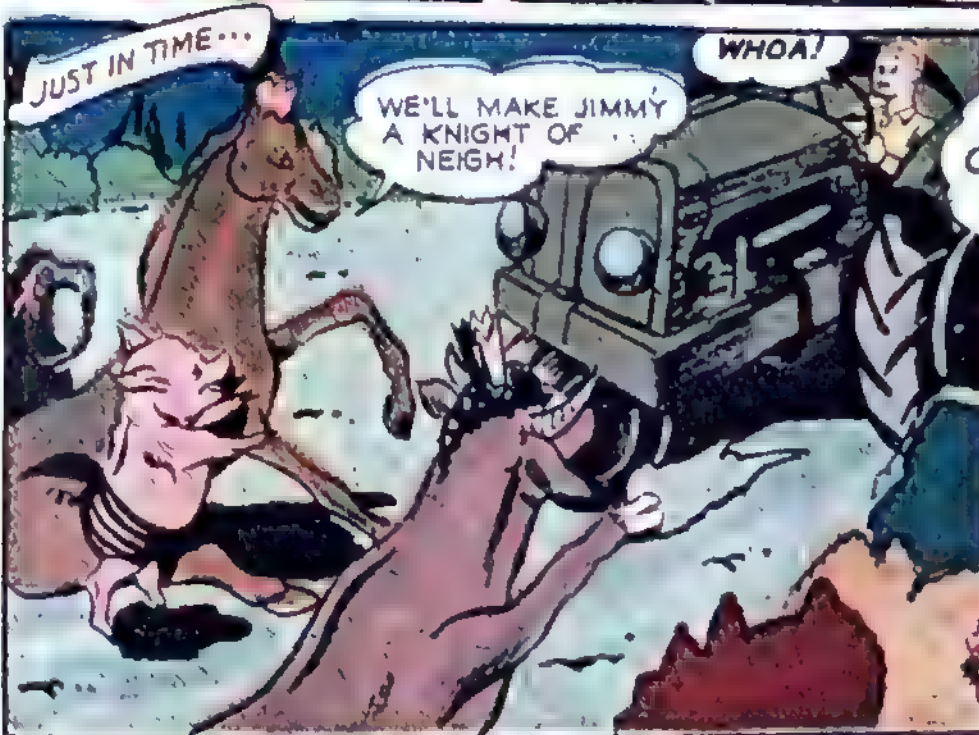


JIMMY MANAGES TO JUMP...

NOW, I'VE GOT
YOU!



LET'S SEE... IF
I CAN ONLY FIND
THE BRAKE!



JUST IN TIME...

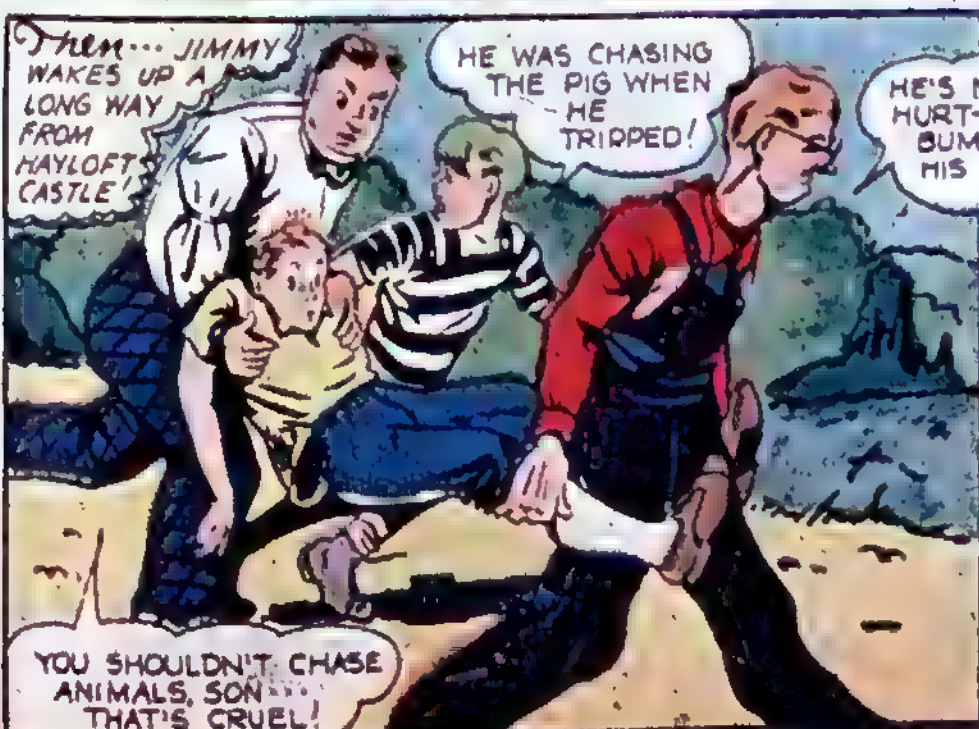
WE'LL MAKE JIMMY
A KNIGHT OF
NEIGH!

WHOA!



THE CHEERING CROWD
APPLAUDS JIMMY'S BRAVERY

THREE
CHEERS FOR
JIMMY!



Then... JIMMY
WAKES UP A
LONG WAY
FROM
HAYLOFT
CASTLE!

HE WAS CHASING
THE PIG WHEN
HE
TRIPPED!

HE'S NOT
HURT—JUST
BUMPED
HIS HEAD!

YOU SHOULDN'T CHASE
ANIMALS, SON...
THAT'S CRUEL!

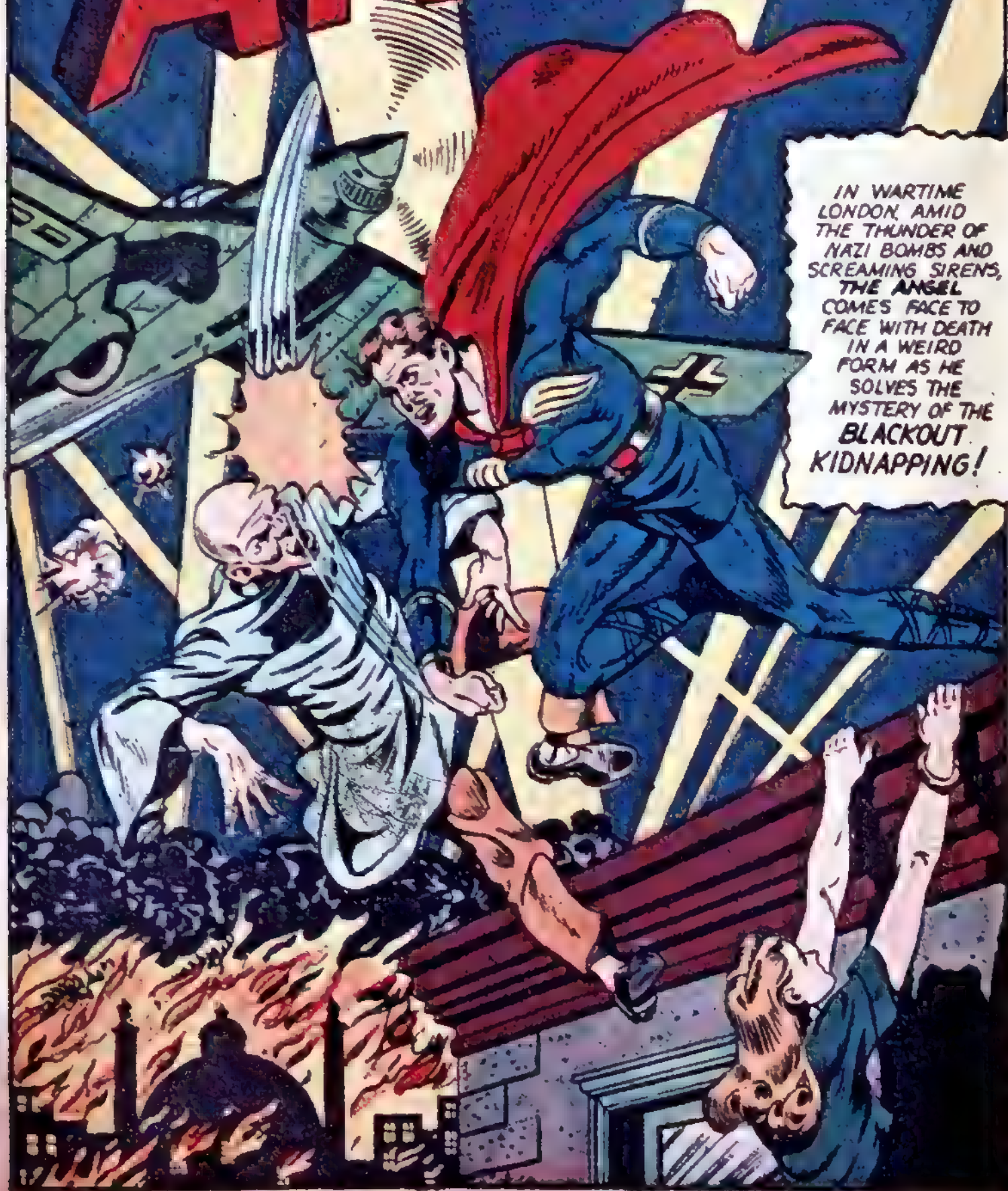


YOU'RE RIGHT, FATHER...
AFTER ALL, THE ANIMALS
HAVE FEELINGS
TOO!

THE

ANGEL

IN WARTIME LONDON, AMID THE THUNDER OF NAZI BOMBS AND SCREAMING SIRENS, THE ANGEL COMES FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH IN A WEIRD FORM AS HE SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF THE BLACKOUT KIDNAPPING!

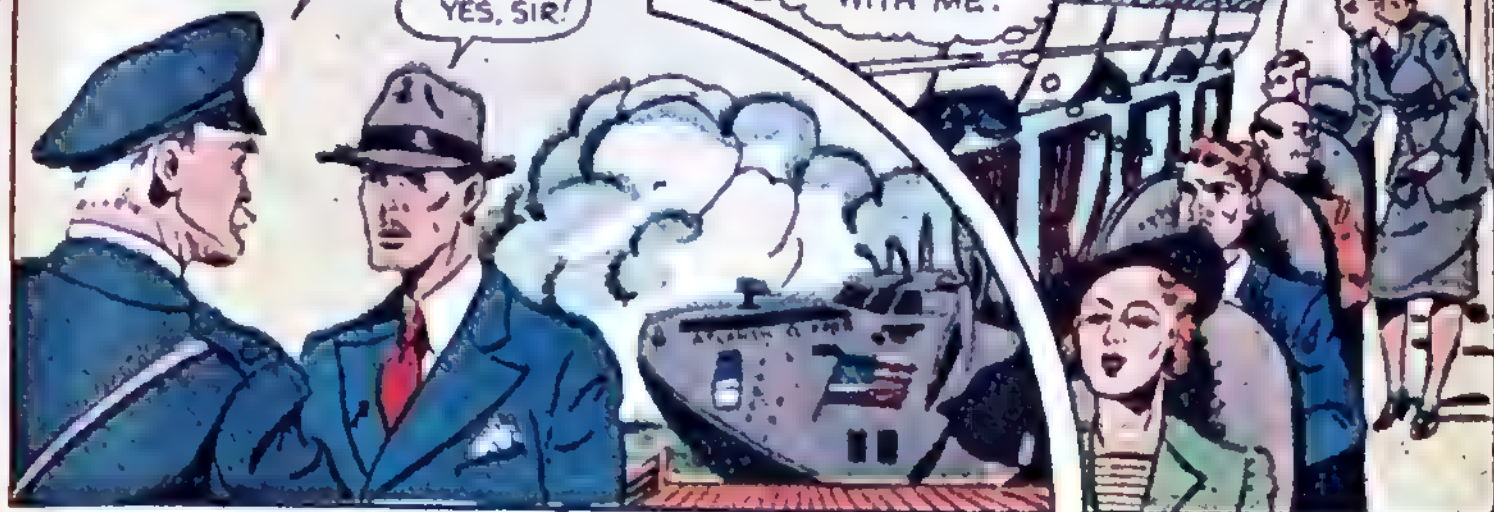


REMEMBER, ANGEL, NO ONE IS TO KNOW CARTERET HOLDS THAT INFORMATION. BUT, AS SOON AS HE GIVES IT TO YOU, CONTACT THE AMERICA AMBASSADOR SO WE MAY TAKE IMMEDIATE ACTION!

YES, SIR!

AND MINUTES LATER, ANGEL STARTS ON HIS TRIP TO LONDON.

FROM HERE ON, I'M TO BE MR DARE... WONDER HOW LORD CARTERET WILL GET IN TOUCH WITH ME.



MANY HOURS LATER, THE PLANE LANDS AT AN ENGLISH AIRPORT.

ANGEL FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS...

BEG PARDON, SIR- ARE YOU MISTER DARE?... HERE'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU!

THANKS, HERE!

Dave: I've been called to MI Arbor Road. Sorry I could not meet you. My car is outside. Licensed GJB 215. Take it and wait for a call. *Butler*



THIS IS THE ADDRESS CARTERET CERTAINLY WORKS QUICKLY

ANGEL TRIES THE DOOR AND, FINDING IT UNLOCKED, THROWS IT OPEN- STEPPING ASIDE QUICKLY AS HE HEARS A GUN BANG.

SOME WELCOME! SOMEBODY HAS SET A TRAP FOR ME!

HMM... IT'S PRETTY DARK- EVEN FOR SUCH AN IMPORTANT MEETING AS THIS! NO SENSE IN TAKING CHANCES.



BANG

BANG BANG

BANG





IT'S PRETTY DARK---
PERHAPS A LITTLE ACTING
WILL BRING THEM
OUT HERE!

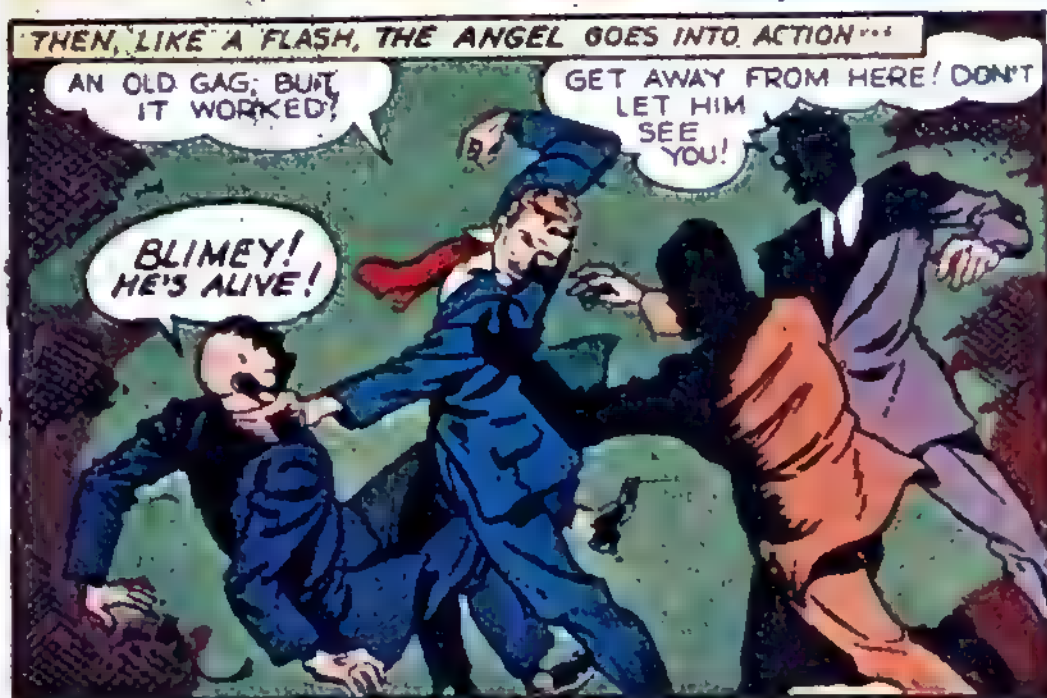
ANGEL STEPS FORWARD--
STAGGERS AND FALLS!



YES, IT IS THE ANGEL! NOW,
HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO
INTERFERE AND WE WILL
GET THE INFORMATION
HE CAME AFTER!

IT WILL BE WELL PAID
FOR, TOO!

HO! SO I
THOUGHT!



THEN, LIKE A FLASH, THE ANGEL GOES INTO ACTION---

AN OLD GAG, BUT
IT WORKED!

GET AWAY FROM HERE! DON'T
LET HIM
SEE
YOU!

BLIMEY!
HE'S ALIVE!

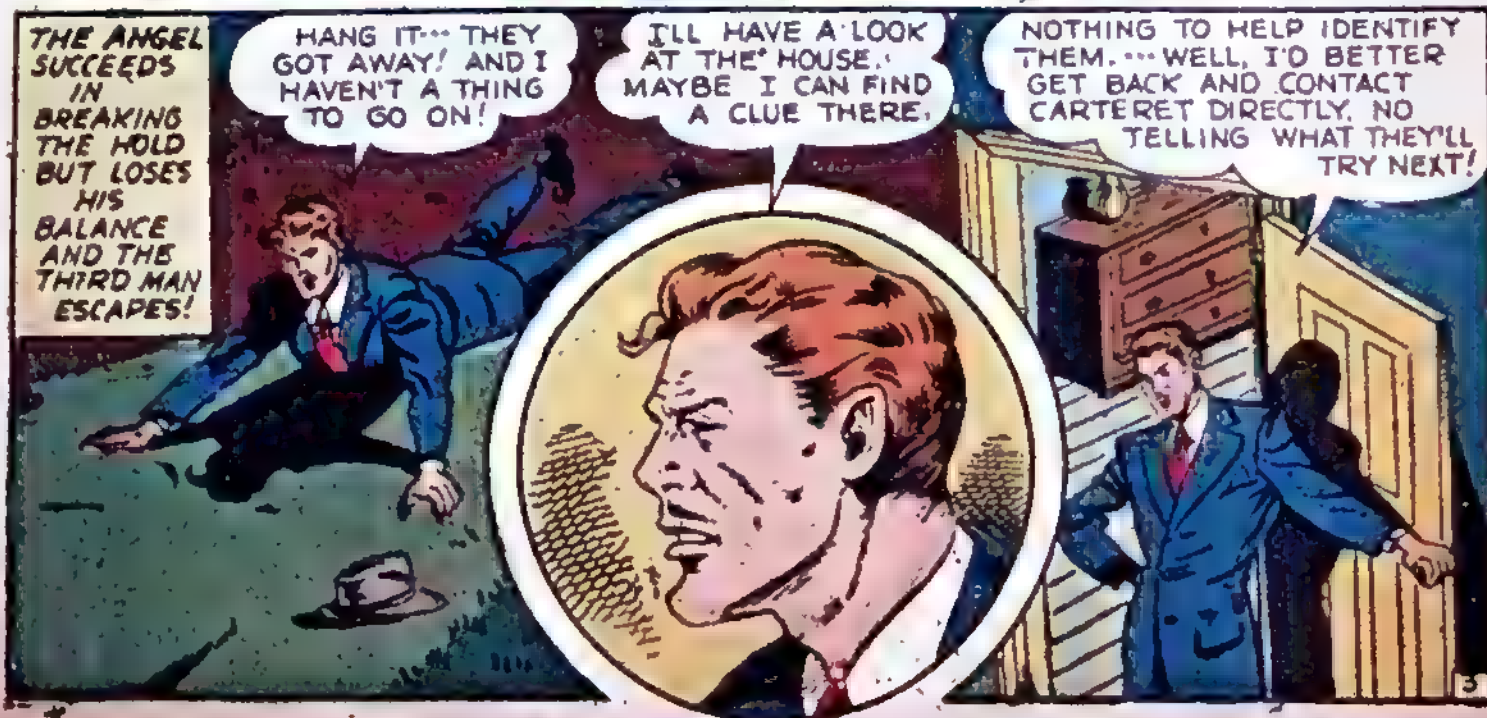


THIS FELLOW HAS A
GRIP (PUFF) LIKE
A GORILLA!

UGH!

COME!

WHILE TWO OF THE MEN
TURN AND RUN, ONE
STAYS TO BATTLE



THE ANGEL
SUCCEEDS
IN
BREAKING
THE HOLD
BUT LOSES
HIS
BALANCE
AND THE
THIRD MAN
ESCAPES!

HANG IT--- THEY
GOT AWAY! AND I
HAVEN'T A THING
TO GO ON!

I'LL HAVE A LOOK
AT THE HOUSE.
MAYBE I CAN FIND
A CLUE THERE.

NOTHING TO HELP IDENTIFY
THEM.--- WELL, I'D BETTER
GET BACK AND CONTACT
CARTERET DIRECTLY. NO
TELLING WHAT THEY'LL
TRY NEXT!

AND, A SHORT TIME LATER, ANGEL RINGS THE DOORBELL OF CARTERET'S HOME.

I HOPE LORD CARTERET IS HERE. I MUST WARN HIM OF HIS DANGER!

BUT ANGEL IS INFORMED BY PENNY CARTERET THAT HER FATHER HAS BEEN MISSING FOR THREE DAYS.

YOU SEE, ANGEL, THERE WAS AN AIR RAID THAT NIGHT. I THOUGHT MAYBE...

ANGEL TELLS HIS STORY...

...THAT'S WHY I'M SURE YOUR FATHER'S BEEN KIDNAPPED! ... HAVE YOU BEEN HERE ALONE ALL THAT TIME?

OH, NO - BUT GREEVES, THE BUTLER IS OUT TONIGHT.

YOU THINK THEY'LL TRY TO GET ME - FORCE DAD TO TALK THAT WAY? - TELL ME, ANGEL - WHAT SHALL I DO?

MEANWHILE, IN THE CELLAR OF THE CARTERET HOME...

THE ANGEL MUST HAVE COME DIRECTLY HERE. THAT CAR OUT FRONT IS THE ONE WE LEFT AT THE AIR-PORT FOR HIM.

I'LL GO ABOVE STAIRS, FISKE, AND PERHAPS I CAN OVER-HEAR SOMETHING. ONE THING, HE CAN'T KNOW WE'RE HERE!

SO, YOU SAY THE CAR DOES BELONG TO YOUR FATHER, MISS CARTERET.

YES, YOU KNOW, ANGEL, I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT - SOME ONE CLOSE TO MY FATHER IS RESPONSIBLE ELSE, HOW WOULD THEY KNOW HE HAD VITAL INFORMATION?

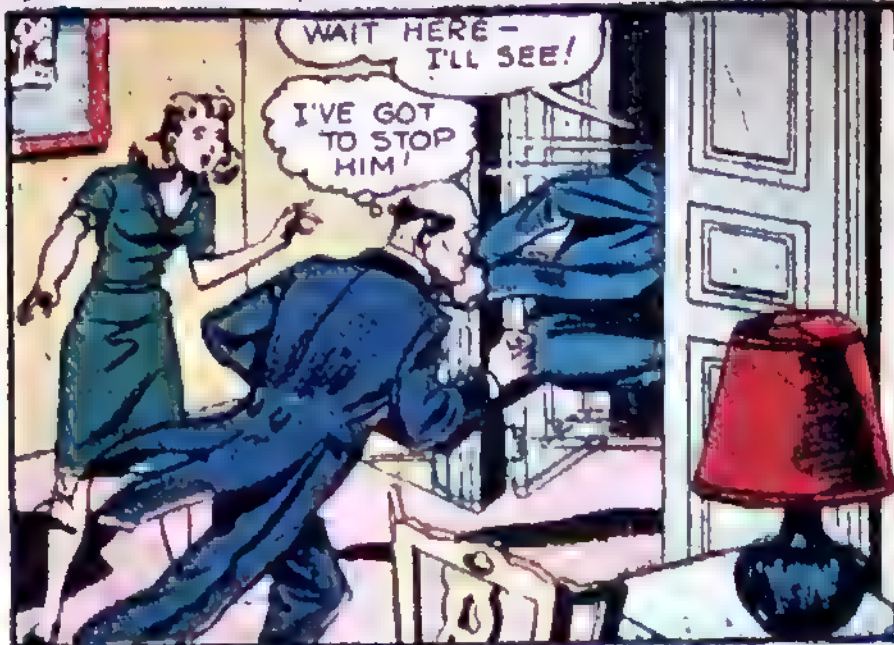
SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS.

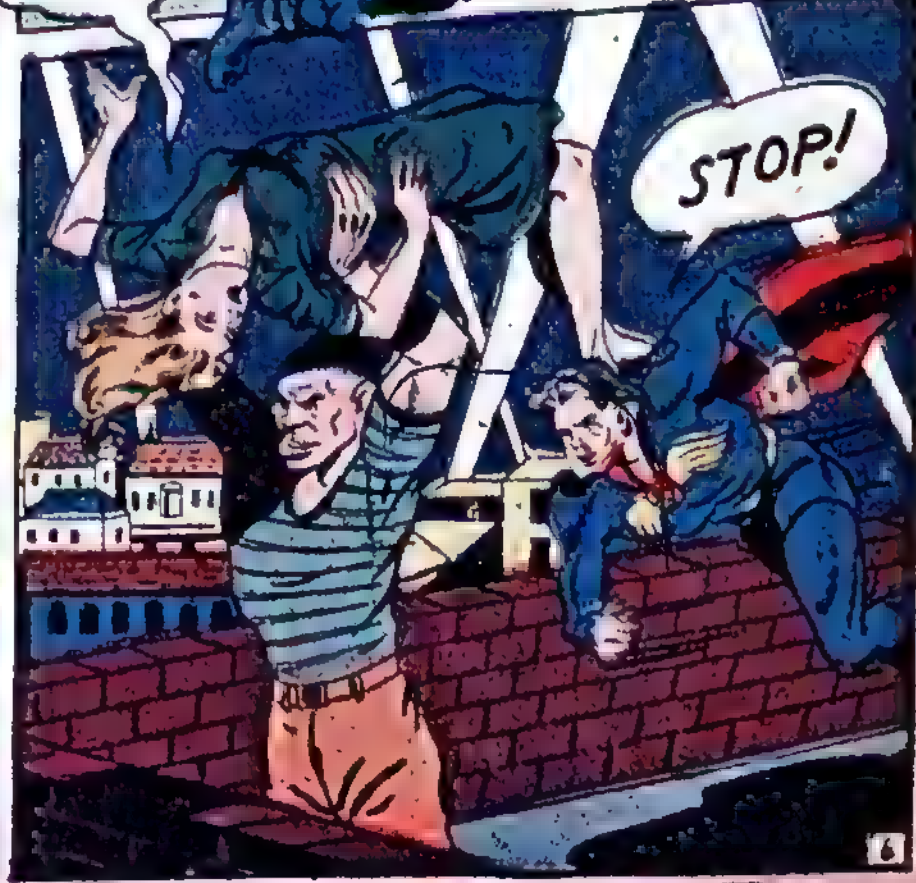
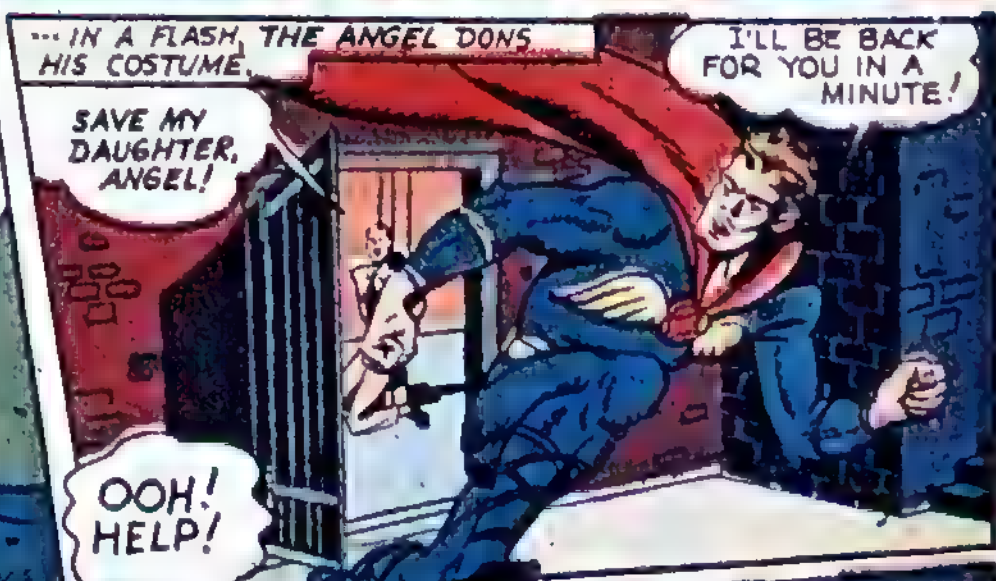
KONK!

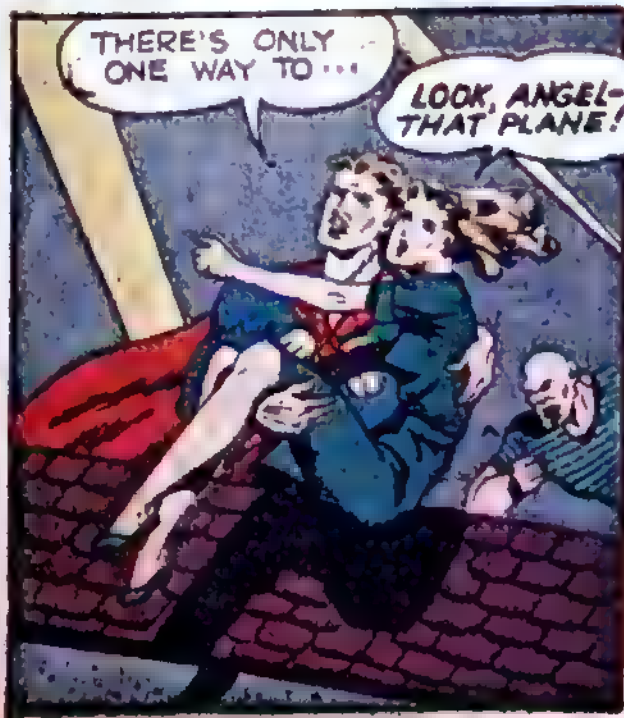
OW!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

PARDON, SIR. I'M GREEVES. I WISHED TO INFORM MISS PENNY I HAD RETURNED. I DIDN'T REALIZE SHE HAD A GUEST.



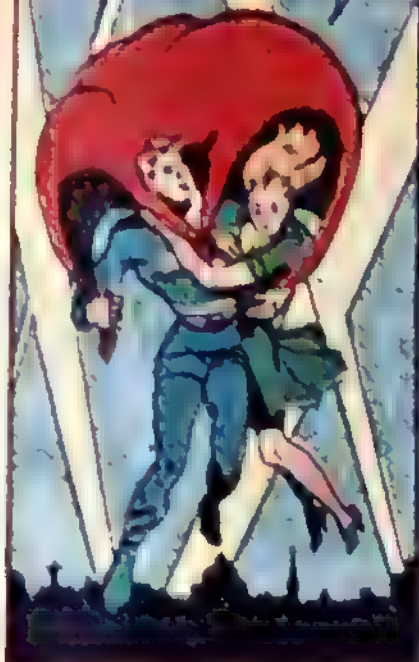




ANGEL AND THE GIRL
FLOAT SAFELY TO THE
GROUND...

AS SOON AS WE LAND,
RUN FOR THE WALL
AND LIE FLAT!

HURRY,
ANGEL!



WOW!

OH-HOW
AWFUL!

THE ANGEL SUMMONS
A RESCUE SQUAD...



YOUR FATHER
WAS IN THE
CELLAR... I
HOPE HE'S
ALL RIGHT!

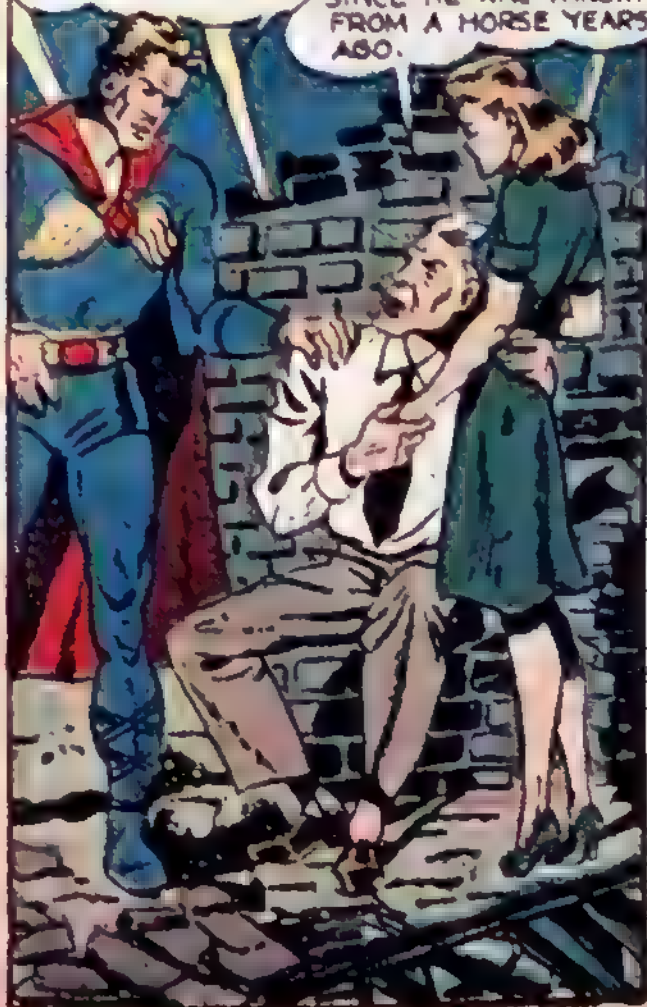
HELP!
HELP!

THAT'S
FATHER'S
VOICE!

AND A LITTLE LATER...

YOUR BROTHER,
THE BUTLER,
AND THAT MAN,
FISKE, ARE DEAD!

IT'S JUST
AS WELL FOR
THEM AND FOR MY
BROTHER... HE'S
BEEN A MENTAL CASE
SINCE HE WAS THROWN
FROM A HORSE YEARS
AGO.



FOR SOME IMAGINED
SLIGHT, HE HATED ME AND
FISKE HELPED HIM TO
ESCAPE FROM THE ASYLUM,
HOPING TO SCARE ME INTO
TALKING.

OH, YES- AND
NOW FOR THE
INFORMATION
I WANT!



THE FRENCH,
DUTCH, BELGIAN
AND NORWEGIAN
UNDERGROUNDS
ARE PREPARING
FOR THE INVASION.
THEY'LL BE READY
IN ANOTHER
MONTH.

GOOD
WORK, SIR!
I'LL GET
THIS NEWS
TO THE
UNITED
STATES
GOVERNMENT
IMMEDIATELY.



THE SHADOW
OF
THE ANGEL
NOW FALLS
OVER
HITLERLAND-
SO BEWARE,
NAZIS!

NEXT MONTH
IN
MARVEL
COMICS

THE ANGEL WILL ADVANCE FEARLESSLY INTO
WAR-TORN EUROPE, TO IMPRESS THE
CONQUERORS WITH FEAR.



The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!



BLITZED By LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are you've grown to being bullied and kicked around—you can now, in double-quick time, become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are—that's the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of LIGHTNING JU-JITSU.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will dare lay a hand on her while you're around.

WHAT IS THE SECRET? LIGHTNING JU-JITSU, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength against himself. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

LEARN AT ONCE! Not in weeks or months! You can master this invincible technique NOW! No ex-

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Today's Toughest Fighters Are Ju-Jitsu Experts!

Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces will know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all-out tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly instrument of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police, and G-men, prison, bank, asylum and factory guards, and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

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1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
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4. Can give you a smooth-muscled, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by co-ordinating eye, mind, and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc.

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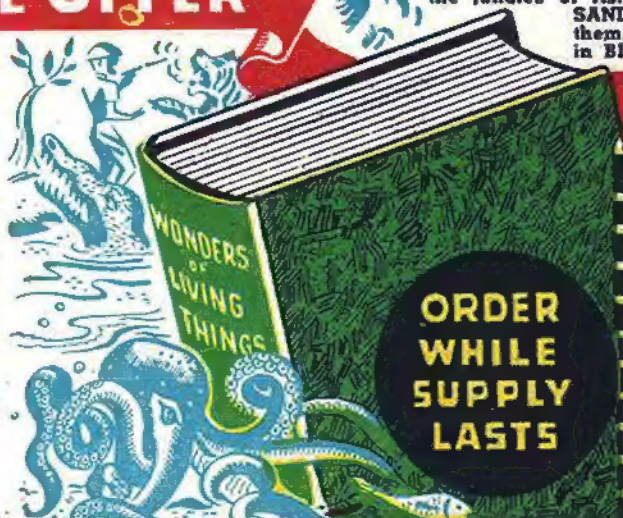
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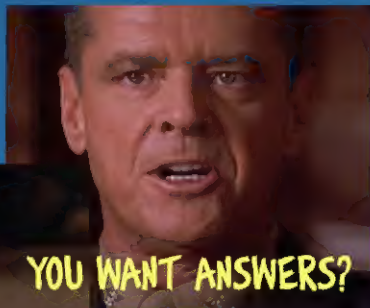
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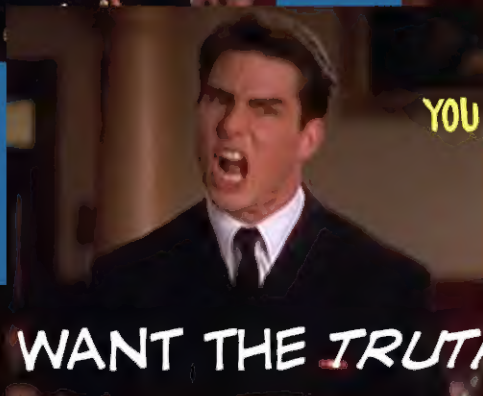




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